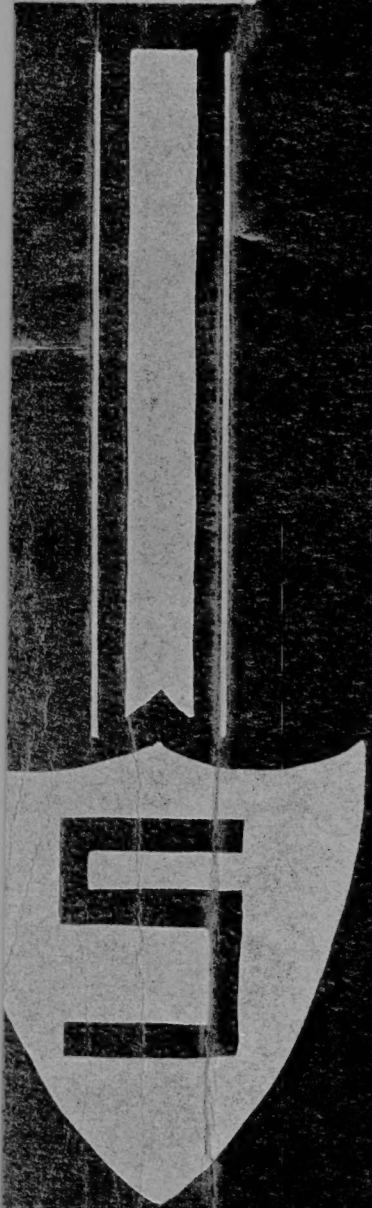


COLLEGIATE



1938

EVERYTHING IN SALT

The Dominion Salt Co.

—MAKERS OF—

The Famous Sifto Salt

SARNIA

::

ONTARIO

Better Merchandise

ALONG WITH THE GREAT AIM FOR AN EDUCATION IS THE KNOWLEDGE OF A FINE APPEARANCE IN YOUR DRESS

Walker Bros. have built an enviable reputation for themselves and their customers through close co-operation in the merchandising of Quality Clothes and Latest Styles.

Our lines both in Girls' and Boys' Wear extend in sizes from the novice students to the well-dressed graduate.

For Spring and Summer or any other time of the year, we are in the position to assist or advise you in the knowledge of fine appearance in your dress.

WALKER BROS. S. MITTON STREET
PHONE 1400

Your City of Sarnia

FRED PELLING



MAYOR

FACTS ABOUT SARNIA, 1938 (the year they built the bridge)

Number of School Rooms	125
Number of School Pupils	4092
Number of Churches	21
Assessed Value of Property \$18,461,250.00	
Miles of Sidewalks	93
Miles of Roads Paved	14.36
Miles of Water Pipes	45½
Number of Telephones (approx.)	4200
Customs Receipts—1937	\$5,537,325.59
(Customs Excise and Sales)	
Post Office Revenue—1937	\$65,855.72
(Stamps only)	
Number of Galls Water Used 1,189,155.352	
Area of Public Parks	175 acres
Population—1937	18,155
Births—1937	426
Deaths—1937	248
Marriages—1937	162
Local Improvement Funded	
Debenture Debt	\$ 43,088.90
Unemployed Relief Works	95,055.93
Maintenance Services	160,462.15
Waterworks	248,131.75
Parks	15,221.67
Schools	238,529.23
Hydro	56,576.69
Housing	46,421.61
Elevator	549,350.66
Miscellaneous	143,895.33
Number of Homes	5010
Number of Street Lamps	1303
Total Taxes Collected	\$706,997.14

WHAT SARNIA NEEDS

More Industry for Female Labor

More Schools

More Modern Housing

CITY OFFICIALS AND THEIR WORK

FIRE—

Is your house on fire? Call Chief Anderson, phone 100.
If they fail to respond, call Alderman W. C. Hipple,
Chairman, phone 1568-W.

BOARD OF WORKS—

Does your cellar flood? Call Angus Smith, Engineer,
phone 2860. If it continues to flood, call Alderman
Sam Lampel, Chairman, phone 610—or Alderman Geo.
S. Silk, phone 2860.

WATER WORKS—

Is your water pressure correct today? Be safe? Call
H. F. Hall, Waterworks Engineer, phone 1988-J. If it
changes rapidly call Alderman A. W. Tennant, phone
1330-W.

AVENUE—

If your garbage wasn't collected on the right day call
P. J. Brown, phone 1348-W.
If the garbage man puts a new wrinkle or permanent
wave in your garbage tin call Alderman W. F. Cromp-
ton, Chairman, phone 1298-J.

MARKET AND LICENSE—

If you want a license for everything, or you want to hire
a hall, call Miss M. D. Stewart, City Clerk, phone 21.
If you get your license, change your mind and want
a refund, call Alderman George H. Stirrett, phone 804.

WELFARE—

If you need Relief call the Welfare Supervisor, A. H.
Robinson, phone 3265.
If you don't get the desired results immediately, call
Alderman Thomas Mattingley, Chairman of Welfare,
phone 2203-W.

FINANCE—

If you want to know why your tax rate should continue
to come up or down call W. W. Simpson, City Treas-
urer, phone 2278.

If the tax rate does not come down this year call Alder-
man Norman Perry, Chairman of Finance, phone 2300.
If your assessment is too low, call R. Simpson, Assess-
ment Commissioner, phone 464-J.

If your tax bill is not enough call H. W. Palmer, Tax
Collector, phone 90.

If you are not assessed enough in your water bill call
W. J. Alcock, Water Collector, phone 464-W.

MAYOR—

If you don't get the desired results by calling the above
call Mayor Fred Pelling, phone 1762.

ADVANTAGES OF SARNIA

Water Shipments for Industry and Agriculture.

Abundant Supply of Pure Water.

No Danger of Floods.

Good Transportation by Rail.

On a Busy International Natural Highway.

16 Miles of the Best Sand Beaches in the World.

Good Schools and Good Churches.

Law-Abiding Population — Predominantly Anglo-
Saxon.

THE COLLEGIATE

Many Successful Canadians



now leading in the business and professional life of the Dominion —were college or university students not so many years ago.

Montreal during their student days, and today they are valued and important customers.



Not a few of them became savings depositors of the Bank of

You, too, are invited to establish a contact by opening a savings account at Canada's oldest bank.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

SARNIA BRANCH - 200 North Front Street - W. D. MacMillan, Manager

Mr. Dennis: "My wife doesn't understand me. Does yours?"

Mr. Treitz: "I don't think so. I've never heard her mention your name."

Best Wishes to the Staff and Students

from

**L AIDLAW, BELTON
LUMBER CO., LIMITED**

Manufacturers, Wholesalers and Retailers of

LUMBER AND LUMBER PRODUCTS

Mill, Factory and Docks — Devine Street, Sarnia

PHONE 900

EXECUTIVES OF THE FUTURE

Each year a large number of young Canadian students graduate into the business life of the country. Practically all of the prospective Executives look forward to the time when they will head their own Firms. The most successful will be those who have formed the habit of saving their money and have cash in the Bank. These will be able to take advantage of opportunities when they come along.

The opening of a savings account at a branch of The Royal Bank of Canada, and making regular saving a habit, will mean confidence, so essential to youths' success.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Sarnia, Ontario.

H. R. Tyner, Manager.

OVER 700 BRANCHES IN CANADA AND
30 OTHER COUNTRIES

The famous radio announcer, who when called upon to say grace at a family dinner bowed his head and in his most professional voice, said: "This food comes to us this evening through the courtesy of Almighty God."

Students' Two - Pant Suits

SPLENDID LINE OF SUITINGS FROM
WHICH TO MAKE A SELECTION.
CORRECTLY TAILORED BY EXPERTS.

\$22.50
UP

One and Two Trousers

Fashion Craft Shops
- LIMITED -

CLAYTON BROWN, Manager.

176 North Front Street

Phone 3242

THE COLLEGIATE

2½% on Deposits 4% on Debentures

The Lambton Loan & Investment Company pays these attractive rates. It is the oldest Loan and Mortgage Company in Canada, established 1844.

Its experience, stability and courteous service command for it the utmost confidence and respect with a large clientele.

The Lambton Loan and Investment Company

N. S. GURD, K.C.
President

191 NORTH FRONT STREET
Sarnia

J. M. HUNT
Manager

Jean: "Why did you come to this Collegiate?"

Lenore: "I came to be went with but I ain't yet."

NEAL'S VITOS BREAD FOR HEALTH

"Quality and Service" is Our Motto

Varieties of Bread, Buns, Rolls, Pies and Hostess Cakes

PHONE 377 — SALESMAN WILL CALL

MACKENZIE, MILNE & CO., LIMITED

We Carry a Complete Line of Sporting Goods

Front Street

Sarnia

A. H. HELLER FURNITURE CO., LTD.

FURNITURE DEALERS

FERRIS ICE CREAM

"YOU WILL LIKE IT"

BRICKS FOR ALL SPECIAL OCCASIONS Corner George St. and College Ave.

Telephone 232

WE DELIVER

THE INDUSTRIAL MORTGAGE AND TRUST COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1889

Money in a Savings Account is the most dependable of all friends in time of financial emergency. During sickness or unemployment it gives a sense of security that nothing else can equal. Before you can even hope to succeed, you must first start to save!

JOHN COWAN,
President.

SARNIA

W. R. PAUL,
Manager.

Husband: "My razor's awfully blunt dear, I can hardly shave with it.

Wife: "Why Charles, you don't mean to tell me your beard is tougher than the linoleum!

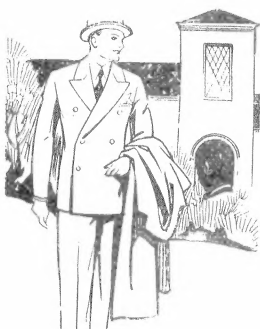
Why Newspaper Advertisements Play An Important Part in Present Day Living

1. A newspaper advertisement possesses stability and permanence.
2. It can be studied at leisure, analyzed and followed up intelligently by discussion.
3. The printed word cannot very well be contorted, and possibility of misconception is minimized.
4. For public messages of importance that require careful study and cool analysis, nothing can supersede the press.
5. The published statement can be followed up by the press, criticized or lauded intelligently, analyzed by bankers, manufacturers and politicians.

Such were the statements of Premier T. D. Pattullo, Premier of British Columbia, during a recent advertising campaign sponsored by the Province. WIDE-AWAKE BUSINESS MEN all over Canada recognize the DAILY NEWSPAPER as the OUTSTANDING ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

SARNIA CANADIAN OBSERVER

SERVING SARNIA AND LAMBTON COUNTY



It's Character !

... What is the outstanding difference in clothes worn by the "well dressed" student? Character is the answer ... Well, then, just what makes for "Character" in clothes? ... Fine fabrics, fine finish with painstaking tailoring, and expert final-fitting ... All equally important ... You get ALL at this shop.

**New Spring 1938
Suits and Topcoats**

... ready for your inspection. Prices are NOT higher.

**CLAYTON THOMSON
CLOTHING**

SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES
199 N. Christina St. Phone 188

215 CHRISTINA ST. N.

**SARNIA
SPORTS
—SHOP—**

W. H. KEELAN

The Only Exclusive Sporting Goods
Store in Our City

TRY US FOR SERVICE

Phone 1048

Sarnia, Ont.

Mrs. Lyford: "Our daughters need discipline at times."

Mrs. North: "They certainly do. My Margy's only sixteen but only the other night I had to send her to bed without any breakfast.

The One Straight Road to Prosperity !

Regular saving, whether of great or small sums, is the one straight path to prosperity. The possession of a substantial sum in your bank changes your whole outlook on life. It gives you confidence in your everyday dealings. It enables you to meet emergencies—to succeed where the improvident fail—to seize every chance life sends you—to make old age a pleasure, instead of a burden.

Resolve now to save a regular percentage of your earnings. You will never miss it, yet it will grow steadily into a cash fund, ready for use when needed. You are invited to open an account with this Bank.

OPEN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT AT

THE BANK OF TORONTO

The Bank for Savings

CAPITAL \$6,000,000

RESERVES \$9,000,000

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

OVER A CENTURY OF BANKING SERVICE

W. H. KIPPEN & CO. STOCK BROKERS

QUICK SERVICE ON ALL MARKETS

203 N. Front Street
PHONES
2265 — 2266

Co-Managers
M. J. CHILTON
L. ISBISTER

An owl, planning to visit his lady love, put on all his best clothes, but on coming out of his hole saw it was pouring rain, sadly exclaimed: "Too wet-to-woo."

Compliments of . . .

S. S. Kresge Company
Limited

SCHOOL STATIONERY

COLLEGIATE BOYS —

When in need of Sport Trousers - Sweaters
Anything in Sports Wear - Young Collegiate
Suits - Buy from a store where you save \$\$\$\$\$

British Clothing Store

145 N. Front Street
(Next Door to Royal Bank)

GOING AWAY?

Then be sure to visit Sarnia's
New Modernized

LUGGAGE DEPARTMENT

We have converted our entire basement into
one grand mammoth display of the latest
modes in travelling equipment.

:: Parsons' Gift Shoppe ::

FERGUSON - BRODIE SHOE SHOP

SMART SHOES

For Men and Women

Opp. City Hall

Phone 691

THE COLLEGIATE

Manley's

LIMITED

LENDING LIBRARY

Headquarters for
SCHOOL BOOKS AND
COLLEGIATE SUPPLIES

Papers - Fountain Pens
Magazines - Office Supplies
Latest Fiction

The Store That Gives Service

145 Lochiel Street Phone 1002

SARNIA MOTORS LIMITED

T. E. Allward Wallace West

representing

McLaughlin-Buicks

and

Two Distinctive

Pontiacs

DeLuxe 117" W.B.

Special 112 1/4" W.B.

149 VICTORIA ST. NORTH

Sarnia, Ont.

Phone 3300

Mr. Treitz: "And what did you study for the zoology exam to-day?"

B. Kirk: "I took out the books' appendix."

1846 :: 1938

A

dependable shopping
place for
three-quarters of a
century

The **W.B. Clark** Co.
SARNIA Ltd.
PHONE 240

AFTER COLLEGIATE

WHAT NEXT ?

Complete a course
at

**SARNIA
BUSINESS
COLLEGE**

The Essential Link
between
High School Education
and a
Good Position for You!

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

A Permanent Record of Business Transactions—A Checking Account.
 A Reserve Fund and Retirement—A Savings Account.
 Temporary Financing—A Personal Loan (personal security, easy liquidation).
 Holiday and Travel—Travellers' Cheques, Letters of Credit.
 Securities and Valuables—Safety Deposit Boxes and Safe Keeping Vaults.
 Home Modernization—Home Improvement Loans.

WM. H. LEISHMAN
 VANITY FAIR BOND STREET
 MARBROOKE

Choice
 of 1600 Patterns
 Imported English Woollens

"The Clothes That Have Everything"
 Greatest Values in Canada

Made-to-Measure
 \$17.50, \$19.50, \$21.50, \$23.50,
 \$25.00 and up

VAUGHAN MACDONALD

CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHES

159 Front Street, Sarnia

Upstairs and Save \$10.00

Miss Walker: (looking at Sammy's homework) "That looks suspiciously like your father's writing. What have you to say for yourself?"

Stokes: "Well—now that I come to think of it, I used his pen.

TAYLOR'S FURNITURE STORE

142 N. Front Street

Phone 1511

THE FRED MILLS STORE

SARNIA'S SMARTEST STORE FOR LADIES

Supersilk Hosiery

Perrin's Kid Gloves

JOHN S. BROWN LINENS

SANDWICH SHOP

"The Place to Finish Your Evening"

CLEAN AND WHOLESOME FOOD

MODERATE PRICES

"Courtesy and Service" Our Motto

BURY STUDIO :: Fine Portraits

PHOTOS IN THIS BOOK TAKEN BY
 BURY STUDIO

FILMS DEVELOPED
 FRAMING

207 N. Christina St.

Phone 2557

THE COLLEGIATE

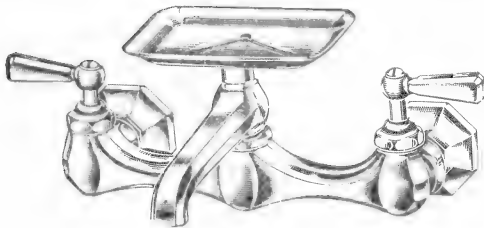
One of the objects of Kiwanis is to Help Boys secure information regarding the various professions, business and technical callings they may be inclined to follow. If you desire such information please consult Mr. P. R. Stringer.



Kiwanis

"WE BUILD"

Bob McDonald: (having yelled himself hoarse as he urged the S.C.I. & T.S. on to victory, said to his pal, Lott) "I believe, Stewart, I've lost my voice."
Lott: "Don't worry, you'll find it in my left ear."



C-11895
SWING SPOUT SINK FAUCET

One of the Modern Designs of
PLUMBING FITTINGS

For All Classes of Buildings

MADE IN SARNIA

— By —

MUELLER, LIMITED

SARNIA CITY DAIRY, Limited

PASTEURIZED DAIRY PRODUCTS

214 STUART ST.

PHONE 3080



CENTRAL LOCATION

FACILITIES UNEXCELLED

COST NO MORE

HARRY N. PHILLIPS

138 Victoria Street

Phone 116

Mr. Southcombe: "I want to buy a toy train for my little boy."
Student Clerk: "Next floor please, men's Hobbies."

PURITY DAIRY

Pasteurized Dairy Products

VISIT OUR DAIRY BARS
... for ...
SOMETHING DIFFERENT

.99 N. Victoria 139 S. Mitton 233 S. Vidal

We too, try to make "A" Grade with
Smart Styles and Long
Wear.

**BUY YOUR SHOES AT
MAHER SHOE STORES**

158 Front St. N.

Fred Galbraith

Dodge and DeSoto Cars
Dodge Trucks

112 Davis St. Sarnia Phone 968

Buy your . . .

COLLEGIATE
STYLES

. . . at . . .

Walker Stores Limited

167 N. Christina SARNIA 170 N. Front

The Clement Drug Co.

189 Front St. We Deliver

PHONE 32

Kodaks, Films, Developing and
Printing
Fountain Pens

We Specialize in Music and Musical Instruments for Teachers and Professional Musicians

Bicycle Supplies and Accessories

WILSON'S
MUSIC STORE

142 Cromwell St. Sarnia

The champion athlete in bed with a cold was told that he had a temperature.

"How high is it, doctor?" he said.

"A hundred and one."

"What's the world record?"

USE

GAS

THE MODERN FUEL

For . . .

COOKING

HOUSE HEATING

WATER HEATING

Union Gas Company of
Canada Limited

Phone 1705

EVERYTHING

IN

HARDWARE

Paints Oils Glass

THE SARNIA
HARDWARE CO.

182 N. Christina Street

PHONE 110

University of Western Ontario

LONDON, CANADA

Arts

Medicine

Public Health

Degrees granted: B.A., B.Sc., LL.B., M.A., M.Sc., M.D., D.P.H., and Certificates
C.P.H.N., C.H.A. and C.I.N. (Diploma)

In addition to the usual General and Honour Arts Courses attention is called to the following specialties:

1. Business Administration Course—A five-year Honour Course containing at least three years of special training in economics and business. This course is open to men only. Special provision is made for graduates of any college or university in other than Business Courses.
2. Secretarial Science Course—Not more than fifteen registrations are permitted in the second year. An attractive and interesting course for young women who desire to procure a B.A. Degree and at the same time prepare themselves for positions as private secretaries.
3. Commercial Specialists Course. For Secondary School teaching.
4. Bachelor of Science in Nursing Course. Length of course—five calendar years, one and one-half years in the Faculty of Arts, thirty-two continuous months in a Training School for Nurses. The final year is spent in the Faculty of Public Health.
5. A Public Health Nursing Course of one year is offered to graduate nurses.
6. Six-year Course in Medicine—For entrance to this course Pass Junior Matriculation and Honour Matriculation in English, Mathematics, Physics and French are required. The attractive features of the Medical Course are the clinical facilities provided, the personal attention given to students and the thorough preparation for medical practice. The records made by graduates in the Council Examinations and in their professional careers in after years should satisfy the most exacting requirements of the medical profession.

For further particulars with reference to matriculation standards, courses of study, scholarships, etc., write:—

K. P. R. Neville, Ph.D., Registrar.

Paul: "When I arrived in Sarnia I didn't have a single cent in my pockets. In fact I didn't even have any pockets."

Pete: "How on earth did that happen?"

Paul: "Oh, I was born here."

**Chrysler-Plymouth
Fargo Trucks**

GOOD USED CARS

HARRY CROMWELL

191 George Street

Phone 971

— Experts in Kodak Photography —



ALBERT E. SOLE
PHM. B.

THE COLLEGIATE

J. S. RUTHERFORD

FEED AND SEED

"A Feed and Seed for Every Need"

188 N. Victoria St.

Sarnia, Ont.

Phone 72

D. J. ROBB

FUNERAL AND AMBULANCE SERVICE

Davis at Victoria

Phone 31

MITTON STREET HARDWARE

"The Store With a Stock"

GENERAL HARDWARE

School Supplies

Paints and Oils

Phone 1822

JOHN GARROCH

228 N. Front St.

Phone 824

**COAL
WOOD
COKE**

Burleigh: "I have a new job."

Bedard: "What doing?"

Burleigh: "Painting rabbits on bald heads; some people call them hares, anyway
I'm making money rab-bit-ly."



With its 60-H.P. and 85-H.P. has

Everything you want
for

BUSINESS - PLEASURE
COMFORT - STYLE
PERFORMANCE

Ask for a Demonstration
AT

The Lambton Motors, Ltd.

YOUR FORD DEALER

Strangway's

CLOTHES OF
DISTINCTION

Home of the
LONDONTOWN DRAPE
CLOTHES

The last word in style and
comfort.

:: STRANGWAY'S ::
CLOTHES SHOP

Clothes With a Character

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

University College is the Provincial Arts College, maintained by the Province of Ontario. It is non-denominational, but not non-religious. There are residences for men and for women. A spirit of unity and co-operation pervades the whole college.

University College offers thirty-two (32) scholarships at Matriculation and many scholarships and prizes in course.

Substantial Bursaries are granted to able students who have difficulty in bearing the total expense of a university education. Preference is given to applicants from schools not situated in Toronto.

For information on residences, scholarships, entrance, choice of course, and for a free copy of a beautifully illustrated descriptive booklet, write to the Registrar, University College, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario.

* * * * *

For information on courses in Arts, Medicine, Applied Science and Engineering, Household Science, Education, Forestry, Music, Graduate Studies, Dentistry, Social Science, Nursing, etc., write the Registrar of the University. For particulars regarding the Pass Course for Teachers, Evening Classes, Summer Session, courses in Occupational Therapy and in Physiotherapy write to the Director of University Extension.

Mr. Sweeney: (roaring with rage) "Who told you to put those flowers on my desk?"

He: "Miss ???? did sir."

Mr. Sweeney: "Pretty, aren't they!"



SARNIA ROTARY CLUB

COMPLIMENTS

THE STUDENT BODY ON EDITING THIS

SPLENDID EDITION OF THE

"COLLEGIATE"

Vendome Hotel — Tuesday — 12.15 Noon

"Photo-Chart Description"

THE most advanced method in made-to-measure clothing is the taking of your photo when we take your measure. We take two pictures, one front view, and one side view, thereby giving the designer an opportunity of getting your individuality into the cut of the garment. We are specially equipped to take these photos right here in the store. Come in and see our Spring Samples. We positively guarantee a perfect fit.

WATSON-MACDONALD

164-166 N. Front St.

Sarnia

Phone 324

Miss Harris: "Where did you get the idea Cleopatra was a flatiron?"

Bright Student: "Well, it says here, 'Mark Antony pressed his suit with Cleopatra.'"



Queen's University

KINGSTON — ONTARIO

Ninety-eighth session opens September 1938
Six weeks' Summer School opens July 4, 1938

... situated in the oldest city in Ontario; 25 modern buildings; annual registration about 4,300; health insurance provided during session; placement office gives free service to graduates.

ARTS—Degree courses in Arts and Commerce. It is possible to get a pass degree or to complete three years of an honours course through extramural and Summer School study.

SCIENCE—Degree courses in Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, Physics, and in Mining, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical, and Electrical Engineering.

MEDICINE—Courses leading to the degree of M.D., C.M. and to the Diploma of Public Health.

MATRICULATION PAMPHLET, obtainable on request includes list of scholarships and prizes at Pass and Honour Matriculation levels.

QUEEN'S IN PICTURES sent on request.

THE COLLEGIATE

APRIL, 1938

25TH ANNIVERSARY ===== EDITION =====



Published in the interests of the students of the
Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School

=====

OUR MOTTO: *Sic Iter Ad Astra*

OUR COLORS: *Blue and White*

FOREWORD

Be Your Own Boss



Not so many years ago, as history runs, a working man looked forward hopefully to the time when, having duly served his apprenticeship and put in a reasonable number of years as a skilled workman, he should, by dint of thrift and good fortune, be able to set himself up in a little business of his own and "be his own boss." Such a state of comfortable independence represented the height of many a man's ambition.

Today, with revolutionized labour conditions involving mass production in enormous factories the average workman never gives a thought to the possibility of independence—he would consider "being his own boss" the wildest pipe-dream!

I think we have lost a good deal by this change—a good deal of self-dependence and pride of achievement—a good deal that would help to prevent our running after every Fascist

or Communist agitator and help keep our feet safe on the difficult middle course of real democracy.

However, I'm afraid we're getting out of our depth! What I want to point out in this 1938 "Collegiate" Foreword is that in one very true sense of the phrase every High School pupil should be and may be his own boss! In other words, you should be, by now, past the stage where someone has to do sentry-duty over you all the time to see that you behave properly! Discipline, by this time, should have become largely self-discipline.

You can very easily check up on this, for it shows itself in very ordinary matters. Ask yourself such questions as the following:

Do I have to be reminded of my home-work each night or reprimanded about it each morning?

Do I have to be watched in study periods?

Do I leave everything to the officials of a game or do I obey the rules instinctively?

Do I require a supervising teacher in examination periods or could I trust myself to be perfectly honest?

Do I obey the rules of the school even when no-one is looking?

In brief, do I need someone in authority to tell me what to do and what not to do all the time, or am I getting ready to be my own boss?

F. C. Astbury

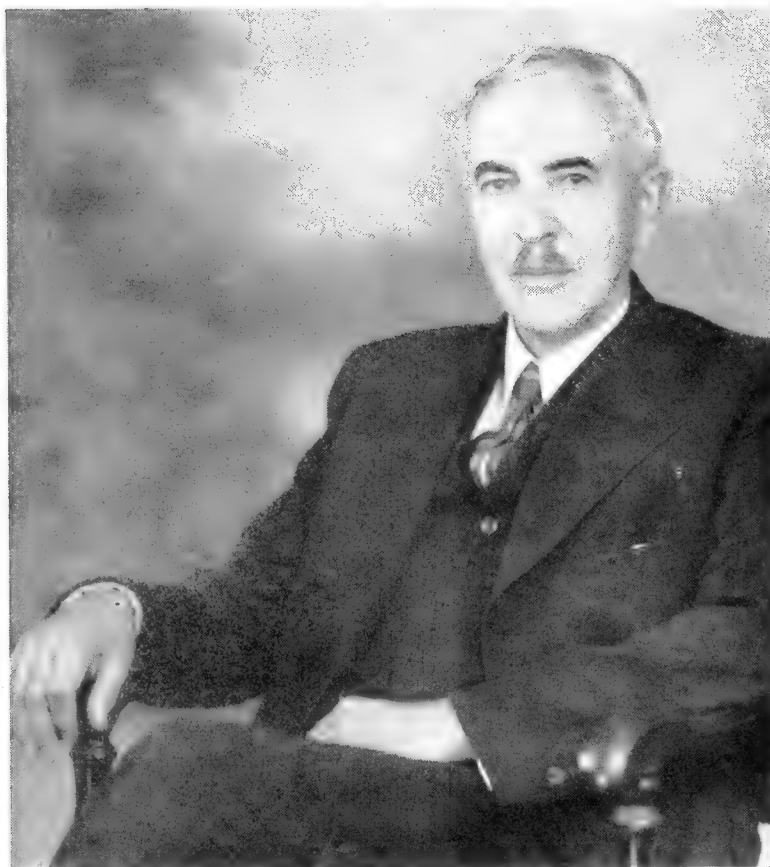
F. C. Astbury

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MR. W. A. DENT, B. A.

TO WHOM WE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE
THIS ISSUE OF
"THE COLLEGIATE"

TO ALL THE PUPILS OF THE SCHOOL:—

I wish I could offer some up-to-date and new advice to express my gratitude for this further evidence of your friendship but I feel that I can not. I don't believe anyone can give advice or counsel that is new.

The great seers and prophets of old gave advice that is as wise, as appropriate, as up to the requirements of human nature of today as it was when it was given. This is worth reading.

Circumstances change; externals are altered but human nature is little changed in its strength as in its weaknesses.

I am writing this in close proximity to vast ruins of prehistoric man. Great pyramids and temples that have stood the ravages of thousands of years stand as mute evidence of a vanished race. It is a commentary in the brevity of human life. Since life is so brief, let us make the most of it and the time to start making the most of it is when you are young.

Remember success means improvement. If you are not succeeding in your work, you are not improving. If you are not improving, you are getting nowhere and that is a very bad place in which to end at last. Sit down and think. Do not blame the school; do not blame the teachers; do not blame your parents; blame no one but yourself. There are faults everywhere. Nothing is perfect, but do not forget that your success is largely in your own hands.

Your school has a reputation as one of the best in the provinces. In building up this reputation the pupils of the past have had a very large share. Do your part to maintain and even improve it.

I have read that much study is a weariness to the flesh and so it may be. But it is a weariness from which recovery is simple and sure. On the other hand, laziness, idleness, self-indulgence undermine and weaken the very forces of recovery.

That you may consider these things and that you may have all success is the sincere wish of your friend.

W. A. Dent



In Memoriam



Miss Elizabeth Cruickshank

July 9, 1937

*I leave thy praises unexpress'd
In verse that brings myself relief,
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guessed.*

—TENNYSON



In Memoriam



Rev. E. W. McReguey

December 24, 1937

*We doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do.*



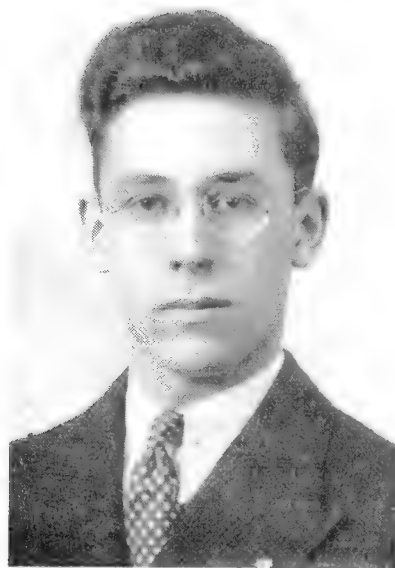
Bertram Martin Pearce

November 15, 1937

*Sure to be welcomed, sure to be blessed
Sure of peace, of joy, and of rest.*



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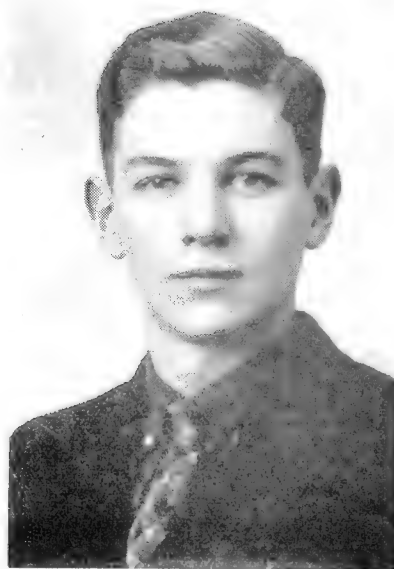
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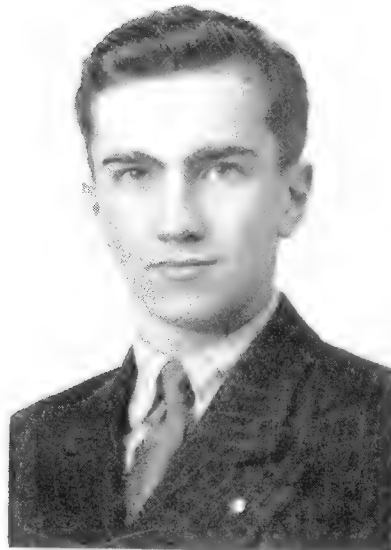
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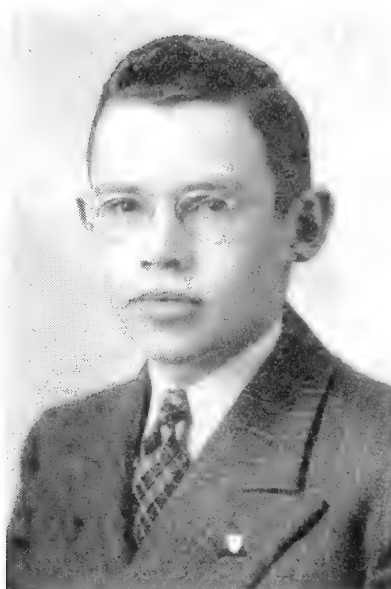
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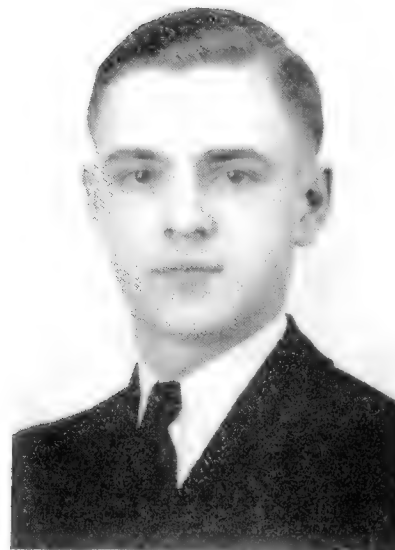
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THE COLLEGIATE



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ON TURNING PROFESSIONAL

Every year, some skilled athletes who have become famous through participating in amateur games and competitions turn professional. Some people criticize them but the majority accept it rather as a matter of course. There are also some so-called amateurs who accept money in exchange for using their athletic ability. This is a practice which should be frowned upon by all true lovers of sport.

The following is a rather forceful example of the latter case. In the west, there is keen competition each year among senior "amateur" hockey teams for a much prized cup. Before the game which decides the winner, each player raises his right hand and solemnly swears before the packed arena that he is a bonafide amateur. One year there was a rather long delay before a semi-final game was started. It became known afterwards that the players of one team had stayed in their dressing room until their sponsors gave them the money they were demanding. Yet, those same players would have given their oath that they were amateurs if they had entered the finals.

What was there wrong though with Fred Perry turning professional? Early in his life, he gave up a business career to practise tennis. After a year or so of taking part in tournament after tournament, he became a member of the English Davis Cup team. As a result of his magnificent playing in the Davis Cup and other tournaments thereafter he was recognized as the world's top-ranking amateur tennis star. However, before this had happened, some years had passed. Nothing had been done about his business career meanwhile. Since he knew that he could not stay on top of the ladder forever and that it was rather late to enter business, he wisely seized his opportunity of making a fair-sized fortune and turned professional.

When a person comes out in the open like Fred Perry and accepts money in return for the entertainment and thrills he can give sport fans, there is nothing wrong with it. It is perfectly legitimate

business. On the other hand, to secretly turn professional and then to still play as an amateur is crooked! Sport, particularly should be kept clean.

—D. G.

REVOLUTION !

We, the students of 1938 are witnessing a revolution—the revolution of educational methods in our own institute of learning.

We have but to peak into our first form classes of to-day, to find out the many changes which have been made—excellent, beneficial changes which will improve our past educational system, greatly.

The newcomers to our school now follow a different course of study from that which was given those of past years. The freshies and freshettes of to-day do not have to face that important problem of choosing from Matriculation, Commercial, and Technical courses, upon freshly taking up their new collegiate life. They are spared the danger, existing until 1936, of making a hasty and blind decision, the danger of choosing before they have any grounds upon which to make their choice.

To-day the young beginners all follow the same general course for the first year of their High School career. For their benefit, features of the Matriculation, Technical and Commercial departments have these new students with an understanding of each been combined to form a varied course, providing department—an understanding which will help them choose, when they are promoted to second form, the course to which they are best suited.

In this general course given to all first formers are included such subjects as Household Science or Manual Training, French, Algebra, Mathematics, Penmanship, Business Practice, Literature and Music. Thus you see that subjects from each of the three departments, Matriculation, Commercial and Technical are provided, giving the students a good under-

standing of all three courses of study. The progress made in the first form work can then show the students clearly which course of study they should follow.

By this system those students who eventually decide to study Matriculation or Commercial work have in their first year at school, received a practical training—a practical training which is an essential part of a pupil's education, and yet which has been given too little thought in the past.

The revolution which is taking place in our school is then a worthy and commendable one, and we all may sing praise to those who have brought it about.

—HELEN HELLER.

WORK AND PLAY

Throughout my long sojourn in these noble halls of learning, I have often been thinking. This unnatural phenomenon has been brought about by certain observation I have made. The thoughts were on the relationship of school work and school play. Teachers and students are well aware of the necessity of school work. But seemingly some are not so well aware of the necessity of school play, our sports.

It must be terribly boring to some teachers to find half their classes gone, when say, a rugby team plays in Windsor. But do they ever think how terribly boring it is to some students to sit through day after day, week after week, month after month of a dry uninteresting subject. Ah, sports to the rescue. If the boy or girl did not have some interest at school apart from school work, some healthy, body-building sport such as basketball, hockey, or volleyball, school work would soon fade. You can't fill and cram a student's mind with school work for days on end if that student is kept hard at school work alone. There will come a natural reaction of laziness, disinterest and perhaps even smouldering resentment against subject, teacher and school. But school sports present a capable outlet into which a boy or girl can throw himself or herself with great gusto. He can cast aside for a time the trials and tribulations of schoolwork to come, and cleanse and refresh his body and mind for another brisk session with that Latin translation.

But more than that, school sports teach one great lesson, valuable for after life and impossible to learn in a class-room. For instance, a student who participates in organized sports under capable guidance, such as we have here, learns how to take punishment, disappointment, loss, without a murmur. He is taught to play cleanly and to live cleanly. He finds out that self-pity is wasted, that deeds of glory speak for themselves and that one gets no more out of sports, and life, than one puts into them. These kinds of les-

sons are just as valuable to a student in preparation for a career as are the lessons taught in the classrooms. Indeed, sports and school work should and will march hand in hand.

—D. L.

EDUCATION—TODAY AND YESTERDAY

An ancient philosopher once asked "Why slumber in the tents of your forefathers?" Indeed, why? The world moves—move with it! Education, as an inseparable part of modern living must move with modern trends. Just as the covered wagon gave way to streamlined automobile, so must the era of the little red school house and all that it symbolized give way to a newer, sounder and more modern system of education.

Educators everywhere are realizing that the present system has outlived its usefulness and are daily becoming more conscious of the need for drastic changes. Among the foremost in the field of modern educators is our own Province of Ontario.

To-day school teachers are no longer mere cogs in a machine—they have emerged as individual personalities. They no longer teach the three R's to a class of inattentive pupils. Under our modern system the old iron clad curriculum has been enlarged to include music, hygiene, and citizenship. Teachers to-day are striving to give their pupils something more than mere facts; they are striving to build a generation of individuals, boys and girls who are clean in body and mind and above all to develop the inherent qualities of good citizenship that every child possesses.

Education has progressed a long way from the day of the little red school house. That era has gone forever—and rightly so. Our educational system must not be an iron mold, so rigid and inflexible that it hinders further development. It must be plastic and constantly changing to include new ideas and reject the old. Our educational system must change and continue to change to meet the changing needs of a generation which is moving forward at a rate impossible in any previous age.

The world moves—move with it!

—A. McK.

AN OUTSTANDING CANADIAN MUSICIAN

Forty-four years ago in the town of Mimico, Ontario, a son Ernest was born to the Reverend Alexander MacMillan and his wife, who was destined to become one of Canada's most outstanding musicians.

From the very first the young Ernest showed remarkable musical ability, especially as an organist

THE COLLEGIATE

and at the tender age of ten he set out on a tour as a concert organist, making appearances at such places as Massey Hall in Toronto before capacity audiences.

From then on he made astounding progress, becoming an associate of the Royal College of Organists when he was only thirteen. Four years later he was made a Fellow of that same body and graduated from Oxford University with the degree of Bachelor of Music, both in the same year.

In 1916, while he was being detained in a German prison camp at Bayreuth, he managed to obtain the degree of Doctor of Music from Oxford University.

After the war Sir Ernest returned to Canada and in 1926 he was elected to the position, formerly held by the late Dr. A. S. Vogt, as principal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music and Dean of the Faculty of Music at Toronto University. Since that time he has effected many changes in the Conservatory curriculum, bringing it up on a par with the better conservatories of this continent.

Again in 1931, he was honoured by being appointed conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, succeeding the late Dr. Luigi Von Kunits. By this

appointment Toronto benefited greatly, for not only has he introduced many new works to Canadian audiences but he has shared his conducting with other famous musicians such as Percy Grainger, Igor Stravinsky and Eugene Ormandy.

Sir Ernest's fame as a conductor is widespread and he has made many appearance with Canadian and American symphony orchestras such as the Southern California Symphony in Hollywood Bowl.

He has also appeared as guest conductor on several radio programs, namely for the British Broadcasting Company orchestra, the Philadelphia Symphony and just lately for five broadcasts of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour.

In spite of all the degrees and honours he has won as conductor, organist, composer and educator, perhaps the crowning event of his career took place in 1935 when he was knighted by the late King George V "for services to music in Canada" making him the first man in the British Empire, outside Great Britain, to be knighted for that cause.

Yes, we may truly say that Sir Ernest MacMillan holds first place among Canadian musicians.

—S. L.

"Welcome and Farewell"

The school year of 1937-38 finds many changes in the S. C. I. & T. S. but none more noticeable than the presence of new faces among our teaching staff and the absence of faces which had become dear to the hearts of hundreds of students. The staff of the "Collegiate" takes this opportunity of welcoming the new teachers to Sarnia.

To Mr. Johnston, who faces the difficult position of filling a niche so long held by the beloved late Miss Cruickshank, we say "Best of luck!" Best wishes also go to Miss Chisholm, Miss King, and Mr. Fullerton, whom we hope will find Sarnia as grand a place as we think it is. To many students Miss McDonald is already well known and we extend our heartiest congratulations on her appointment to the Collegiate staff. Mr. Sweeney and Mr. Burgiss have already found their place in the sun at the S. C. I. and we hope it will be a long time before they leave us.

The Sarnia Collegiate is the poorer this year for the loss of Miss Elizabeth Cruickshank, whose untimely death was a blow to the whole school. To countless students who knew her not only as a teacher but as a friend, Miss Cruickshank's death leaves a place in our hearts which can never be filled.

To Mr. Dent, who is now enjoying his well-earned leisure, may we say, that while we are selfish enough to wish that he were back again, we really hope that he is enjoying his leisure to the utmost and finding pleasure in the new and interesting places his travels take him.

Finally, may we extend best wishes to Mr. Thompson, in his work at London Central Collegiate and to Mr. Coles upon his appointment as assistant principal of the S. C. I.

To the new teachers "Welcome"—to the ones who have left "Farewell."



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1937 - 1938

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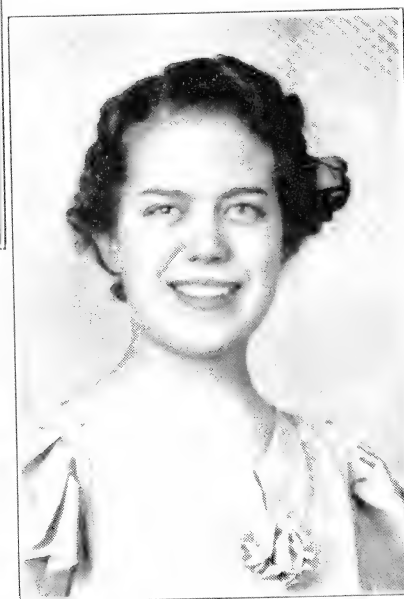
THE COLLEGIATE



DONNA E. CLEMENTS



EDITH HUGHES



MARJORY HAWES

Scholarship Winners

Almost every year, students of the S. C. I. & T. S. are among those winning valuable scholarships to various universities. This year was no exception and congratulations are due to those students who brought credit to themselves and the school.

On the results of her splendid work in the Departmental Examinations in June, Donna E. Clements was awarded the Wheeler Scholarship in English and History by McMaster University, Hamilton, consisting of a cash award of \$60.00 and free tuition for one year.

The University of Western Ontario awarded the Sarnia S. C. I. & T. S. scholarship to Edith Hughes, consisting of two years' free tuition, valued at \$250.00.

While not successful in winning a scholarship, Miss Marjory Hawes was awarded an Endowment Exhibition by Trinity College, Toronto.

This year the D. M. Grant Scholarship for superior standing in Middle School was won by Joan Lampel. This scholarship which is awarded annually, has a value of \$50.00.

The Hon. A. Alexander Vidal Chapter I.O.D.E. awarded Marjory Allingham a prize for outstanding work in Canadian History.

To these students the staff of the "Collegiate" says "Congratulations and good luck."

The Man Behind The Carter Scholarships

It may not be generally known that the Carter Scholarships originated in Sarnia. Mr. Carter was a resident of Sarnia for many years. The wealth that provided the Scholarships was pumped out of the ground as good hundred per cent. brine. The work of Sarnia students suggested the Scholarships, and while Mr. Carter supplied the money it was Mr. D. M. Grant, the Classical Master, of the Collegiate, who was technical adviser, and helped to get the scheme into working order.

J. I. Carter was born about the middle of the nineteenth century in the village of Ethel, in the County of Huron. His father was the postmaster, also a miller and grain-buyer, store-keeper and farmer. In the Huron tract eighty years ago, pioneers were clearing the land, and cord-wood was the most plentiful commodity. Roads were sketchy, railways just beginning to push through, and the conditions of life stern and comfortless.

As soon as he could, J. I. Carter went to Seaforth, and got a job clerking in a store. Then he set up for himself as a grain-buyer. Ontario grain was an important crop at this time; prices were high, and much of it was exported. This business brought him into contact with all the merchants and farmers doing business in Seaforth. He was observant, and was attracted by the salt-works operating in a primitive way. He saw it as a new industry with a future, and after some experience in selling farm machinery he decided to go into salt. Having no capital, he formed a company with himself as manager, and built the salt works at Hensall, of which some traces may still be found. But he failed to operate it at a profit.

Then he repeated the experiment at Parkhill with similar results. The salt produced by the small makers was marketed co-operatively through the Canada Salt Association. When a new plant came into the field, the Association could dictate terms, unless the owners were prepared to play a lone hand. Carter was autocratic in temperament and soon quarrelled with the Association. "They despised me," he used to say, "because I was a young man with no capital; brains didn't count!" Then he found another investor willing to back him, and built the salt works at Courtright. Here he had a free hand, and tasted his first success, but what he chiefly enjoyed was a temporary victory over the Salt Association.

Yet he was not satisfied, and sold out and went to Michigan where he believed there were much larger opportunities. And the Canadian Salt makers who had found him a disturbing element sincerely

hoped he would stay there. He was in Michigan for fifteen years, and returned to Canada not much richer, except in experience. At Mooretown there was a small, half-built salt works which he bought cheaply, completed, and then began to make salt at a fair profit. I have always thought this was significant, for the plant was no better than many others that were operating at a loss. Carter had served his long apprenticeship, and was now working with the hand of a master.

The Cleveland-Sarnia Saw Mills had put down a salt well, and approved plans for a modern salt works with a vacuum pan, which would use the surplus steam from saw mill refuse. Carter was engaged to supervise the building of the plant, but had hardly begun when he offered to take over the venture, upon conditions which were favorable to both parties. One could write a long chapter of his complicated activities at this stage. But he succeeded, got the plant into operation in 1905, and in the next five years paid for it out of profits, and put away a comfortable surplus in cash. He was a bachelor, with no dependents, his personal expenses were light, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was no longer a young man with no capital. Then in 1910 the Saw Mill bought him out at a handsome advance on the original cost. For the first time he had a large cash balance and was free to do as he liked. Plans for another venture in salt were considered, but his health was giving him some anxiety. Why should he try to make more money when he could not spend the interest on what he had?

As mere gossip he heard that two or three students at the Sarnia Collegiate, who had gained Honour Matriculation, would not be able to go to college for want of money. Could he help such students—impersonally—for he had no intention of playing rich uncle to any one? Fortunately, he consulted Mr. Grant, who suggested a scheme of Scholarships. The first intention was to offer them to students of the Sarnia Collegiate, but after consultation with other teachers, Mr. Grant advised that competition should be open to students in the County of Lambton. This worked out, and the next year Mr. Carter took in the counties of Huron, Middlesex, Perth, and Wellington, giving \$200 in each county. It was respectable but not lavish, and as far as he would go in his lifetime. Then under his Will he extended the scheme to 25 counties, making an annual distribution of \$5000 in all, which the Ontario government pays as the interest on a capital sum of \$100,000, bequeathed by

Mr. Carter for the purpose.

When a man who has had a liberal education sets up a system of Scholarships it may be assumed that he knows what he is doing, and what he is trying to accomplish. Now, Mr. Carter used to call himself an uneducated man. He believed that the lack of education had kept him back all his life, and perhaps defrauded him of his rights, but what he had in mind was schooling. At the village school he had learned to read and write, and do arithmetic, and he did these things well. It is doubtful whether he would have gone further with any subject unless he had been convinced of the advantage from a business standpoint. He was an intensely practical man, with a good brain, and far from illiterate. He wrote a good hand, dictated excellent letters, and for many years he kept his own books accurately by double entry, and knew exactly what the books meant when he did keep them. He was, in fact, a good example of the self-made man who left school at what we used to call the third book, but who applied what he had learned with precision, and made it effective.

What he lacked, without quite understanding it, was the mental discipline that every earnest student gains, and the culture that is of increasing value as a man gets on in life. He used to say that he had never learned grammar, because the book stated that grammar consisted of orthography, etymology and syntax, and no one ever told him what these words meant. And he worried because he thought he did not speak grammatically, and perhaps his speech was an object of ridicule. I was able to assure him that he used good English, for the excellent reason that he was constantly associating with people who did so, and further that as a child I had made considerable headway with grammar before the teacher thought it necessary to worry us with the hard words about the three divisions.

Of course, he knew a few ordinary rules of syntax, and was inclined to be pedantic about them. He thought a double negative in a sentence must be the mark of hopeless ignorance, and was surprised to learn that it was good construction in mediaeval English, and still used in French. One day he asked me what book I would recommend for study of abso-

lutely good English, and the answer was the Book of Common Prayer. He was incredulous. In his last illness he read it a good deal, and was surprised to find that it is so beautiful. We may therefore feel a real compassion for Carter, who fought his way up with limited opportunities, and with no one at any stage to give him useful mental guidance. And it must be remembered that at all times his own temperament isolated him from those who might have helped him. He was autocratic, he never suffered fools gladly, and was always enveloped in a protective cloud of suspicion. It is right to add that as an employer he was just and considerate. He always wanted things done in his own way, and in no other, but he always stood by his instructions, and accepted full responsibility.

It is therefore remarkable that he was able to make up his mind to the Scholarship scheme, and from actual contact at the time I must always set a high value on the skill and diplomacy of Mr. Grant. Here was one point on which Mr. Carter was not satisfied. He wanted to ensure that the Scholarships should go to students who needed the money. But on a large scale how could the point be decided? I think he was pretty well convinced that all students need money, and that a hundred dollars may be of more value to a young man than thousands to an old man. The Scholarships did not exhaust his estate, and the residue was left to the Hospital for Children in Toronto.

I don't suppose he had ever seen the Hospital, but he believed it to be a worthy institution and well managed. Like many bachelors Carter had a tenderness for children. If one may moralize over his career, and the spending of his money, the lesson must be that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

W. Q. PHILLIPS.

(The members of the Editorial Board wish to express their sincere gratitude to Mr. Phillips whose idea it was to make this a part of the 1938 "Collegiate" and to whom they are indebted for having prepared the article).







Alumni

G-2.

Editors—M. DOHERTY, E. MACDONALD

NAME	DESTINATION	ANONYMOUS
Muriel Bell	Western U.	How are the studies?
Edith Hughes	Western U.	Another scholarship
Jean Phillips	Western U.	We miss the posters.
Harold Griffiths	Queen's	Seniors next?
Donna Clements	McMaster	Keep up the good work.
Jean Brown	London Normal	Good morning, teacher!
Robert Gates	Toronto University	How is the Greek?
Malcolm Ritchie	McGill	Remember the S. C. I.
Angus Lott	Toronto University	Honours again?
Robert Nash	Toronto University	"Cupid"
George Ingersoll	O. A. C.	Farmer, George?
James Smith	O. A. C.	Beware of the Proff's Daughter!
Helen Morrison	London Normal	How's the date bureau?
Drena Gammon	Loblaw's	75c please.
Neil Dove	Imperial Oil	Working hard?
Tom Elliot	Phillips	Quiet work, Tom!
Lloyd Galloway	Walkers	This is the latest thing in curtains.
Murray Gibson	Zellers	Number 9
Bob McMillan	City Dairy	Cream is going up.
Jim Laws	Imperial Oil	Test-tubes and more test-tubes.
Russell Brown	Purity Dairy	What will you have?
Mary Glynn	Woolworths	That will be 10c.
Alex Murray	Woolworths	Where's my broom?
Ernest McKegney	Imperial Oil	Your mail, sir!
Clifford Peterson	Helps Father	The hammer slipped!
Jack Shirley	Imperial Oil	I wonder if it'll explode?
Earl Steinman	Imperial Bakery	Look, it rises!
Jim Stronach	Imperial Oil	A message, please.
Isabel Danby	Business College	We miss your Latin.
Mary Cress	Business College	How is your typing?
Olga Mackey	Business College	A model.
Stanley Lawrence	Business College	What's your ambition?
Beatrice Birmingham	Business College	Is shorthand easy?
Jim Shanks	North Bay College	How's the weather there?
Hazel Cuthbertson	Business College	Does the shorthand bother you?
Gladys Brent (Mrs. Short)	Windsor	Can you bake a cake yet?
Peggy Smith (Mrs. McPherson)	Sombra	How's married life?
Caroline Johnston (Mrs. Pasquan)	Sarnia	Ditto!
Frances Raynor	Toronto	We miss you "Mike"

Fred Helson	Toronto	You didn't stay long.
Jr. Schaeffer	Port Huron	"Foot Loose and Fancy Free"
Norwood Leach	Toronto	You are always welcome.
Harvey MacDonald	Hamilton	S. C. I. Rugby Fans miss you.
Fred Robbins	Detroit	Still a Canadian.
Gordon Simpson	Detroit	Does Wayne appreciate you?
Eleanor McLeod	Windsor	St. Mary's Academy has her now.
Edna Chambers	England	Have you an accent yet?
David Burke	Toronto	Do you play rugby?
Edsall Lauder	Leamington	How do you like it there?
Charles Redick	Wyoming	"In Old Wyoming."
Mary Huminick	Cleveland	Students miss you.
Joy Hartley	St. Thomas	We're glad you like Alma.
Cameron Thompson	Newmarket	Can you do Latin now?
Jean Jefferies	Watford	Not far from the S. C. I.
Nadine Manning	England	Rawther chilly weather.
Catherine Wilson	Western U.	Anybody new there?
Harry Hampton	Imperial Oil	Don't overwork, Harry.
Archie Macmillan	Tinplate Co.	Working hard?
Bob Kirkland	Auto-Lite	Nearing a pension?
Mary Davidson	Walker Bros.	Is there anything else?
Marion Mara	Imperial Oil	Do you like the Boss?
Marion Mundy	Tinplate Co.	Rather noisy there!
Ray Mattingly	Imperial Oil	Jackie Baker's protegee?
Orve Moore	Strangways	We haven't any size 11's.
Ken Stevenson	Canada Bread	Where does all the dough go?
Tom Gutteridge	Imperial Oil	Expect to be on the team?
Rhodent Case	Miss Hett's	Where is 617 Cobden?
Carmen Ambrose	Family Laundry	She sets sewing!
Phyllis Campbell	Mitchell Dance School	This is the next step.
Harold Baker	Imperial Oil	Ever get tired?
David Kember	Royal Bank	Money, money, money.
Donna Cranston	Real Estate Office	Do you want a house?
Eva Sands	Bruce Nut Shop	Mixed, jumbo or cashu?
Neil McArthur	Loblaws	60c please.
Madelyn Rand	Dr. McMillen	Do the patients appreciate you?
Earl Everingham	Ingersoll's Drug Store	Delivery boy.
Anna Holmes	Business College	Robert Taylor's Private Secretary.
Jean Steele	Business College	Can you skip class?
Pauline Stonehouse	Business College	Don't you miss the attendance slip?
Don Brown	Business College	How is the snoozing ?
Donna Culley	Business College	Don't you miss physics?
Neil Darrach	Imperial Oil	Is this oil sample O. K. ?
Elizabeth Geddes	Public Library	Did you bring a card?
John Sands	Imperial Oil	Is it better than school?
Ross Aiken	Fashion-Craft	It's a perfect fit.
Robert Milner	Imperial Oil	Don't you miss the gym?
Betty Whitely	White's Plumbing	Where does it leak?
Corle Gort	Bell Telephone	Number, please?
Doug James	Kirk's Gas Station	Change the oil!
Doug McKeown	Auto Lite	How is the inspecting?
Mary Shaw	Mr. Smith's	Credit?
Jim Conner	Sole's Drug Store	Drugs, drugs anddrugs.
Ray Dailey	Imperial Oil	Do Mr. Dent's Fundamentals help?
Jack Murray	Ford Garage	6 gallons at 26c. each. equals \$1.76.

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Charles Sadler	Bank of Toronto	Did you sign the checks?
Dorothy Brown	Collegiate	What form, please?
Marie Forbes	Imperial Oil	Did Commercial help?
Helen Miller	Zellers	What a busy day.
Edgar Ambrose	Kirby's Taxi	Taxi?
Jim Chapman	Auto-Lite	Don't strain yourself, Jim.
Margaret Gammon	Loblaw's Grocery	6 dozen oranges.
Norman Brown	Muellers	Any girls working there?
Pauline Blundy	St. Joseph's, London	You'll make a grand nurse.
Deby Hooper	Chatham Hospital	Love your patients.
Marguerite Irwin	Chatham Hospital	What is there about Chatham?
Zella Maud Wilson	Chatham Hospital	How do you like the uniform?
Margaret Stronach	Sarnia General	You must like Sarnia.
Helen Shaw	Victoria, London	It pains, nurse.

AS FAR AS WE KNOW THE FOLLOWING ARE AT HOME:

~~John Butler, John Strathers, Mary Marwick, Bert Richardson, Lois Ferguson, Delmar Ellis, Helen Ennett, Dorothy Brittain, Marian Kember, June Murray, Richard Norris, James Ramesbottom, Don Clatworthy, Bruce Taylor, Doris Kilbreath, Paul Blundy, Julia Gort, Margaret Scott, Marion Nickell, Marguerite Peterson, Hope Tolmie, Velda Roberts, Howard Ross, Rhetta White, Anne Howard, Jack Cleave, Harriet Younge, Agnes Mart, Olive Cranston, Sally Lewis, Raymond Scarrow, Thomas Laidler, John Mathewson, Marian Fowler, Joseph Jackson, Adrian McManus, John Gloss, Lois Fulkerson, Leah Kemp, Fred Seager, Enid Somes, Alma Elnor, Ruth Jackson, Leslie Bentley, Walter Ennett, Betty French, Iris Walters, Jeanette Stewart, Lola Humphrey, Harold Jackson, Douglas Ross, John Graham, Jack McCaw, Gerald Fellowes, Linda Genner, Charles Heffron.~~

STRANGE BUT TRUE

RAY HARWOOD, 5B

Codfish have three times as many bones in their skulls as humans.

Peaches release more heat while in cold storage than either pears or apples do.

Shoes worn by city dwellers wear down at the heels sooner than those worn by country dwellers.

It is said that dried grass, specially treated and prepared may become one of the important food crops of the United States. Grass-eating by man would be a change no more startling than the development of the automobile from the horse-and-buggy days to the present. Dr. Christie, president of the Ontario Agricultural College, declared that a man on his staff, who suffered from some stomach trouble has made a remarkable recovery from the ailment on a diet, which included two spoonfuls of dried grass daily.

Mercury instead of steam turbines to drive ocean liners may become practical if a boiler can be perfected for heating the liquid metal. If a practical mercury boiler was developed greater economy for ocean liners would be brought about. A ship the size of

the Normandie could save thirty-eight per cent of its present fuel costs with a perfected mercury-vapor power plant. The system makes use of vaporized mercury to drive a turbine and then converts water into steam. The heat left in the mercury drives a second turbine on the same drive shaft.

Smoke in the atmosphere causes an annual loss of from ten to thirty dollars for each person in the United States. This loss includes disfigurement of buildings, spoiling of merchandise, injury to plants and loss of sunlight. In urban centers, the amount of material deposited annually by smoke-laden air runs as high as 2,000 tons to the square mile.

A metal screen built into an electric bulb is said to prevent the lamp from blackening during its useful life. Formerly, the blackening of the inner surface of the bulb caused by vaporized metal from the filament settling on the glass cut down the amount of light radiated. Surrounding the filament, the new screen now prevents metal deposits on the glass thus lengthening the maximum lighting efficiency of any bulb.



LITERARY ACTIVITIES

Editor—K. ROONEY

K. Rooney

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

On Wednesday evening December 12, our annual Commencement Exercises took place in the auditorium of the Collegiate with a fair gathering of parents, friends, teachers and students in attendance.

Welcoming the graduates of last year and of previous years back to the school, Mr. A. R. Fleming, chairman of the Board of Education, took the opportunity of thanking the staff for their whole-hearted co-operation with the board throughout the year.

The platform was then turned over to our principal, Mr. Asbury, who briefly commented on the new staggered system necessitated by overcrowding, and of the establishment, this year, of a different and more practical first form curriculum, providing both technical and collegiate work for all students.

He then introduced the valedictorian of the year, Miss Donna E. Clements. Miss Clements, one of our most brilliant students, told in a vivid and entertaining manner of her memories and views of high school.

An interesting item on the program, was the presentation of an award to the school band by Professor C. T. Thiele of Waterloo. Professor Thiele complimented Mr. Brush on his fine work with the band and orchestra and, encouraging him to carry on, presenting him with a beautiful silver trophy. While Mr. Brush was still on the platform, Miles Vokes came forward on behalf of the band and presented him brief case as a token of appreciation for his untiring and helpful services in the musical activities of the school.

Following a brief but inspiring address by the Rev. Louis J. Barley, Mr. Asbury presented the graduation diplomas and scholarship awards. Donna Clements was awarded the Wheeler Scholarship of McMaster University and Edith Hughes was presented with a University of Western Ontario scholarship.

The D. M. Grant scholarship valued at \$50 was this year awarded to Miss Joan Lampel for her superior standing in the third and fourth years and a prize for the highest standing in Canadian History sponsored by the I. O. D. E. was won by Marjorie Allingham.

Awards were also presented to all around champions, field day champions, swimming champions and many other outstanding athletes of the year. Members of last year's magazine staff, authors of prize winning articles for the magazine, and also students who stood at the head of their classes throughout the year received awards for their fine work.

The program was agreeably augmented by several selections played by the orchestra as well as an excellent violin solo by Marie Keskanek and an equally good cornet solo by Robert Bury.

One of the highlights of the musical portion of the program was the rendition of several songs by a chorus of first form girls led by Miss King.

At the close of the evening the graduates were entertained at a delightful reception held for them on the smartly decorated third floor thus ending a memorable and pleasant commencement.

GIRLS' WOSSA DEBATES

Congratulations Girls' Wossa Debaters, on your successful bid to retain the shield which you were fortunate enough to win one year ago. Gathering together the remnants of your shattered Club, you chose a strong team who set themselves to work and,

in the end, came out on top by defeating the girls of London Central in two close debates.

The subject under discussion was "Resolved: That the present type of examination is most advantageous to the pupil." Terais East and Helen Heller

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GIRLS' CHAMPION W.O.S.S.A. DEBATERS
Back Row: Helen Heller, Miss S. E. Howden (coach), Terais East.
Front Row: Lillian Bell, Alice McKeown.

were successful in upholding the affirmative in London, while in Sarnia, Alice McKeown and Lillian Bell outpointed the visiting team to make a complete victory for Sarnia. The judges in both places were: R. Crichton, B. Martin and L. Patterson, all of Hu-

ron College.

Through the efforts of these debaters the girls will retain the Kitchener-Waterloo Girls' Debating shield. Again may we say, "Congratulations Girl Debaters."

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING CLUB

This year the activities of the Debating Club have not been confined to debating and public speaking alone but, far more important, the club has undergone a minor revolution between the boys and the girls, resulting in an entirely new organization.

At the opening meeting of the year, the majority in attendance was girls. Consequently, by their com-

bined efforts, the girls carried the voting and chose all the officers of the club from among themselves. The boys, discouraged by this fact, withdrew their support and, with the aid of the graduates of last year's Junior Club, elected the following to head the new Boys' Debating Club: Honorary President, Mr. Payne; President, Ted Galpin; Vice-President, Mich-



BOYS' PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING CLUB

Back Row: R. LeSueur, J. Ehman, D. Richardson, M. Nelson, D. Bowden, A. Broadbent, B. Sloan.
 Front Row: T. Lester, K. Rooney, T. Galpin, Mr. Payne, C. Finlay, L. Williams, M. Vokes.

ael Harris; Secretary, Miles Vokes. At their regular weekly meetings the boys follow the system of parliamentary debate. A resolution is brought up before the house and a premier and leader of the opposition are chosen to lead the rest of the club, who divide themselves between the two leaders, in a dis-

cussion of the resolution in hand.

As for the girls, they finally disbanded because of lack of interest. However, the remnants of their club are debating in the girls' Wossa competition under the able guidance of Miss Howden.

BOYS' WOSSA DEBATES

The Boys' Wossa Debating has this year been carried on by more or less inexperienced debaters. However, regardless of this fact, they have shown themselves to be first class debaters and although they somewhat lack the polish of more experienced debaters, they make up for this by their energy and enthusiasm.

The first debate was held in December at Chatham where Michael Harris and Charles Finlay unsuccessfully defended the resolution that "Canada should adopt an isolation policy similar to that of the United States in the event of war in Europe." However, at home, Ted Galpin and Miles Vokes won

the decision, upholding the negative side of the question.

In January, the boys debated on the resolution "That Canada should increase her naval, air, and army forces."

At London, although they put up a fiery debate, Ted Galpin and Miles Vokes lost a very close decision. At the same time in Sarnia, Robin LeSueur and Norris Nelson also failed by a small margin in their well-handled attempt to sustain the negative.

We wish to congratulate the boys on their splendid efforts and we hope that they will carry on in the same spirit.

LITERATURE

Editors:
E. SOUTHCOMBE
T. EAST

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE

BETTY ISBISTER, 3C

In the soft gray twilight, there was that awe-inspiring silence occasionally felt on Christmas Eve. The traffic of the great city had momentarily hushed, and the soft snow deadened the sound of noisy footsteps. The silence seemed to intensify the bitter cold, and the pale stars, shining down from the blue sky, dispelled the warm cheery light of the candles, glistening among the branches of the many beautiful Christmas trees.



A few warmly-clad people hurried along the windy streets, and an occasional pedestrian could be seen gazing into a store window. How cold, then, it must have been to one little girl walking slowly down the street! No coat covered the soft little arms, which could be seen through the torn sleeves of her poor dilapidated dress. A ragged little hat was struggling madly in the rising wind to part company from its young mistress. Her shoes, which had long since ceased to be of any recognizable style, were "out" at the front and back and offered less protection from the fine, sand-like snow than would a pair of sandals.

As she reached the corner, the wind came whistling down the street, its chill breath holding her close in a freezing embrace. Little Salina folded her small hands, and gazing up to Heaven murmured with a smile, "Dearest mother, I shall soon be with you." An old German, passing by looked into her face, every feature of which was clearly shown in the flickering light of a street lamp.

He murmured in astonishment; all the visions of his children and their pretty little Christmas tree were, for the moment, banished from his mind. When he saw her black eyes, burning with fever and love, and her olive-tinted face, pale with hunger, a great desire to help this little child seized him. Opening his wallet, he placed a one-dollar bill in her tiny

hand. The child, unable to stop the scalding tears which rolled down her face, looked after his fast disappearing figure, and breathed a prayer for his safety and happiness.

One whole dollar! What should she do with it? She pressed her hand to her side and stifled a low, convulsive cry, as a sharp, sudden piercing pain passed through her. The question had been answered. For the first time in twenty-four hours she would be able to get something to eat. She walked quickly down the street through the now driving snow to a little store, where she stopped to look at the window, filled with apples, oranges, grapes, and many other good things to eat.



Salina walked towards the door, and was just about to enter, when she heard the singing of a street minstrel. Turning to look at him she saw that he was not an old man, singing in a doleful voice accompanied by the thin squeaking noise of an old music box, but a little blind boy pouring forth his soul in Christmas anthems. The voice was not a trained one, but the music was that sweet, haunting tone which touches the heart. Salina turned to enter the store, then turned once more to look at the boy. He seemed pale and cold too, and she thought his sightless eyes contained a look of reproach. Impulsively she stepped forward, pressed the money into his hand, and passed on.

His music had stirred her soul. She had never known anything before which had so quieted the wild tumult continually raging within her. Knowing that more such music could be heard in the nearby church, she bent her steps in that direction, and stepped into the vestibule before any one noticed her. Just as she was about to pass into the church the usher raised a detaining hand. "We allow no street tramps in here," he said haughtily.

Salina turned away, completely stunned. She had never dreamed that she would be refused admittance to a church. As she stopped at the top step, her wandering eyes looked upward, and she saw a marble statue of the Madonna gazing down at her. In her far away Italian home, Salina's mother had taught her that the Madonna was always kind and good. Shivering and trembling with the cold, she drew her feet up beneath her as she crouched down in a heap for warmth. She no longer noticed the heavily falling snow, but was only conscious of a feeling of warmth, both in herself and in the statue before her. Suddenly it seemed to Salina that the Madon-

na stooped and clasped her little figure to her, softly murmuring "My darling."

In the morning she was found, half-covered with snow, by the same usher who had turned her away from the church door the night before. He called to her, but received no answer. She was dead. As he looked down at her face, he noticed that it was shining with a heavenly glow, and he knew that he had committed a terrible sin, by not permitting her to enter the church the previous night. She seemed like a creature fresh from the hand of God, waiting for the breath of life, and not like one who had lived and suffered death.

BARNEY, THE MULE

ARTHUR ELLIOT, 4C

"Did I ever tell you folks about our mule that we owned when we lived way back in the hills?" queried old hill-billy Zeke Yokum, as he settled into a chair at the Yokum Hill-Billy Tourist Camp, Kentucky. Upon hearing the city folks, who were holidaying there, answer "No", he began this tale.

"It was back in the gay seventies, I reckon," said he. "I was just a young shaver then, but I mind well the time that the old mule died—or, at least, appeared to die. Pa and Ma had just come home from the trading post, where they had gone, with Barney, the mule, hitched to a cart, to get some flour. Pappy had unharnessed him and turned him out into the clover. However, before the old man had reached the shack, Barney was lying on his side in the clover, dead to the world. Of course Pa, being a conservative man, ran up to the shack and got his skinning knife, for, as I heard him tell Ma, 'even though Barney is dead I can't let that ornery cuss's skin go to

waste.'" And before another hour poor Barney was minus his skin.

Just imagine our surprise when next morning we saw Barney alive and well eating clover in the field.

"Oh, my gosh," yelled Pa, "Barney is alive! C'mon Zeke, we gotta do something."

Suiting his actions to his words he seized a couple of dry sheep-skins from the fence and rushed over to the mule, who was now standing in the shade of some thimble-berry bushes.

In ten seconds flat, Pa had wrapped the skins around the mule and, as safety pins were scarce in those days, had fastened the edges together with some thorns from the thimble-berry bushes.

Needless to say, Barney lived to a ripe old age and, believe it or not, every year until his death we clipped twenty pounds of wool off his back and picked two quarts of thimble-berries from the bushes growing on his side.

THE GROUP OF SEVEN

RUTH JOHNSTON, 3A

About the year 1910 a new and distinctively Canadian art movement had its beginning. Part of it began in Northern Ontario, where a group of commercial artists were holidaying; part of it in Quebec, where a young French-Canadian artist lived, and part of it began when a young Brantford boy returned from studying art in Germany. Gradually, fate drew together A. Y. Jackson, the French-Canadian, Lawren Harris, from Brantford, and the commercial artists. As they met and their friendship grew apace with their ideas about art, a great Canadian art movement also took roots and grew.

At first they had difficulty in expressing them-

selves, but gradually they began to put down their ideas so that their paintings were Canadian, instead of European, as all art before their time had been. In 1912 the Ontario Society of Art held an exhibition of their paintings. The critics, who were used to Dutch windmills and Venetian canals, were shocked at any one daring to paint Canadian landscapes instead. Augustus Bridle said "The man who could be bored with this must be blind." At least the exhibition served to startle the critics out of their placid indifference.

One of the commercial artists who found difficulty in expressing himself was Tom Thomson, the

painter of the Ontario northland. He was an expert woodsman, who hated living in the city. When he had to live in Toronto, he stayed in a studio built like a northern shack, where he slept on blankets and cooked his own meals. At first his paintings did not satisfy him, and it is said that he would sit disgustedly throwing matches at a newly finished picture until the wet canvas was covered. After 1913 or so, however, he painted many great pictures. "West Wind," "Jack Pine," and "The First Snow Ducks," are among his best and they all express the freedom and rhythm of the north country.

In July 18, 1917, Tom Thomson's upturned canoe was found on a lake in Algonquin Park. No one knows just how he was drowned. He is buried at Owen Sound, his birthplace, on the southern shore of the Georgian Bay which he knew and loved, and a simple cairn marks his memory in Algonquin Park. He was not a member of the Group of Seven, but he had a great influence on all of its members, and it would have been a Group of Eight if he had lived.

During the war Canadian artists were busy. Fred Varley and A. Y. Jackson won distinction for themselves painting pictures of colonels so that all their decorations showed, or grim, realistic pictures of the war itself. On their return to Canada, the Group of Seven was formed, consisting of: J. E. H. MacDonald, Arthur Lismer, Lawren Harris, A. Y. Jackson, Frank Carmichael, Fred Varley and Frank Johnson.

Lawren Harris is distinguished especially for his landscapes of the country above Lake Superior. F. B. Housser, who told the history of the group in "A Canadian Art Movement," said of one of his pictures, "The uglinesses of 'Above Lake Superior' are beautiful, and in its lonely austerity, peace." But an Oxford graduate said it was "a horror," and a

Russian said "It is not painting, it is sculpture." It remained for an Irish woman to sum it up. "It is the place where the Gods live," she said.

The pictures of Arthur Lismer, once vice-president of the Ontario College of Art, emphasize rhythm. In his "September Gale" the direction of the waves, the clouds and the trees—all express the spirit of the storm in their freedom of movement and bold rhythm.

A. J. Jackson paints habitation scenes especially, as in "Winter Road, Quebec." Once he visited Georgian Bay however, and, saying that it was "a land which the good God made on a holiday out of pure joy," he expressed his appreciation of its beauty by painting it, too.

J. E. H. MacDonald was, in 1929, president of the Ontario College of Art. He is known everywhere for his paintings, especially "The Solemn Land," but few know that he is also a mural decorator, designer, and poet.

Edwin Holgate and Alfred Casson, who joined the group later, paint mostly Ontario, its people, and its landscape. Frank Carmichael specializes in water colours, and Fred Varley paints especially the west coast and the mountains.

In 1910 the Group of Seven were unknown. A few years later some of their pictures were described as "rough, splashy, meaningless, blatant, plastering and massing of unpleasant colours." (The critic couldn't have liked the pictures). Now Canada has come to realize that she need no longer look to Europe in art matters, for she has great artists of her own. Other younger artists are beginning and succeeding now, but Canada can never forget that she owes her great success in the world of art to seven men who first dared to paint what they saw and felt.

A DEEP, DEEP MYSTERY

K. ROONEY, 4A

Po-ling, the yellow-bearded Chinaman, smirked evilly. To be sure, his innocent-looking down-town store did not arouse the suspicions of the police as to Po-ling's business. Hence, why should he not smirk? (after all it was a free country). Po-ling smirked, however, because he recalled suspicious trips to a certain waterfront warehouse which he made each week.

Every Saturday night, at half-past seven, a dark, model T Ford truck would draw noiselessly up at the mouth of a dark alley at the side of the warehouse. The yellow-bearded Po-ling would emerge with an empty sack draped over his arm, glance furtively over his shoulder and then dart into the shadows in the alley. Later, he would return to the truck,

staggering under the burden of a full sack, which he would place in the back of the truck and then drive away.

Detective-Sergeant Timkins, an enterprising young detective in his early sixties, had noticed these goings-on for three months and forthwith he decided to investigate them. Remembering his adventures in the dark with Bold Bruiser Bill's Battling Boys he took his two flashlights along with him.

Halfway up the alley, Timkin's crutches crossed on the uneven cobble-stones and he pitched into a cornice of the warehouse where his head brought up with a "bong" against an iron door. Timkins arose somewhat ruefully and still dazed, opened the door by means of a latch which his steady hands found.

Ripping out his trusty flashlights he shot both light-beams into the interior.

He was looking down a flight of deep, stone steps from the bottom of which a gurgling, as of water, seemed to be coming. Suddenly a lantern appeared at the foot of the stairs. It was held by Po-ling and one of his henchmen. Sergeant Timkins crumpled and fell on the steps.

Po-ling signaled his henchman, who lifted the senseless form of the Sergeant and carried him down the steps into a Chinese restaurant. Timkins soon recovered and, sitting up on a couch he apologized

to Po-ling for encroaching upon his hospitality. As he said—if that twinge of arthritis hadn't laid me low—but an eloquent wave of Po-ling's hand prevented further excuses. Po-ling now explained his suspicious actions. His restaurant was situated with such incongruity because the taxes were lower in the dock district. The reason why he filled the sack each weekend was because there was no garbage collection in the dock delivery and hence Po-ling had to assume the responsibility of disposing of his own garbage. Timkins was flabbergasted—and so are you dear reader, aren't you?

HIS SECRET SERVICE

ELEANOR SOUTHCORBE, 5B

Quietly she sat at her window watching the moon sail triumphantly through a stormy sea of silver-lined clouds, watching the furtive shadows glide silently across the grass and the gravel lane, thinking how like that moon and those shadows Tom's life had become. He, like the moon, was proud and fearless, and like the shadows, silent and furtive.

With a little sigh, she stirred and her mind raced back across the years to the time when they had been married. Even then Tom had been proud—proud of himself, his family, his social position—fearful of anything that might betray a streak of gentleness, a certain tenderness towards his fellow beings which he harboured beneath a haughty exterior.

Gradually he had grown taciturn and haughtier than ever, his friends had drawn away from him and little by little he had built up a shell of silence, a protection for the hurt deep in his heart. Of late he had taken to riding away on his horse in the dead of night, telling no one where he was going or what he was doing. When he came home his face was always drawn and haggard, his eyes filled with a nameless fear. What could he be doing? Some secret business? Some dark mission that would not bear the light of day? Something to which even she, his wife, was an outsider? Or, if only he would tell her (she dared not ask him) perhaps she could help him! They had very little money left—that had dwindled incredibly the last few months—but surely in some other way she could show him her sympathy and understanding.

Suddenly she grew tense, then drew back into the darkness of the room! Below her moved a shadow, eager, darker than the others. A chill crept up her back, along her arms. Then as the shadow moved into a pool of moonlight she could distinguish a man on horseback! Tom! It must be he. She glanced at her watch—two o'clock.

"Oh Tom" her heart cried. "Why won't you tell

me? Why won't you trust me? What can keep you till two o'clock and make your dear face so tired, so drawn?"

With dry sobs shaking her narrow shoulders she turned quickly back into the room and threw herself on the bed. "Dear God" she prayed passionately, "help me to understand him, don't let him do anything wrong! Please, God, don't let him do anything wrong!"

In the morning Tom came down to breakfast with a pale, tired face, and eyes shadowed with dark circles. Mary's loving heart was tortured at the sight of his lined, haggard face and the new gauntness of his once powerful frame. If only he weren't so proud, so fearful of confiding to her this trouble in which she felt sure he was involved. Seeing him toy listlessly with his food, Mary determined to find out this terrible secret that was weighing him down, snatching away his health, his happiness. That night she would follow him when he rode so silently away, and, no matter what the cost to her she would discover a way to help him!

Thus, tense with excitement and trembling a little with fear, Mary waited that night, till Tom had ridden silently away. Then, mounting her already saddled horse, she rode after him, keeping to the grass along the side of the lane. Only an owl in the old pine tree by the cross-roads saw those two dim shapes as they moved quietly, furtively from shadow to shadow. Only their God in His Heaven above, knew the troubled thoughts, the fearful anxieties that raced through the heart of each.

On they pressed down dusty roads shining dully in the moonlight, past huge trees casting dark shadows across their path, till finally Tom turned into a narrow twisting lane. With heart pounding madly and eyes dilated with fear, Mary entered the dark lane after him. Where did it lead? Where was he going? Could it be a gambling den, a drinking house,

THE COLLEGIATE

a meeting-place for thieves? "Oh no! no!" Mary's heart cried. "It can't be that!" Over and over she whispered these words in time to her horse's hoof-beats. "It can't be that! It can't be that! It can't be—"

She started to round another twist in the lane when all of a sudden she stopped her horse and backed into the deeper shadows. Tom was about to go into a house. Through one window a light shone dimly, the rest was in darkness. Quietly, without knocking, he entered. Mary heard a low murmur of voices, then the door was closed again.

"What a tiny house" Mary thought, how mean and run-down it is. Why, it's barely a shack! Surely no one lives there. It must be just a meeting-place." She waited a few moments to gather some courage into her quaking heart, then dismounted and moved cautiously forward to peer into the lighted room. At last she was going to learn her husband's dreadful secret! At last the time had come when she would know the worst, when she might be able to help him. What would be his secret mission?

Slowly, cautiously she crept to the window and rising, looked in—Heavens, what did she see? Could she believe her eyes? There was Tom, the hard haughty mask fallen from his face, bending over a child! A little old woman hovering anxiously by the

narrow cot was the only other occupant of the room. Sick with scorn and disgust for her own horrid, unjust suspicions, Mary turned to the door and slowly pushed it open.

Neither of them noticed her as they worked feverishly over the still little form. Silently Mary stood by the door, tears of shame for her own fears mingling with tears of love and pride in her husband. At last she understood. At last she knew what had taken him away in the still of the night, knew that the money had gone to pay doctor's bills for this poor, twisted, pain-racked child, knew what had caused the new worry lines, the anxious fear in his eyes. She understood the pride, the fear of being laughed at, of showing his gentleness that had kept this, his secret service, even from her.

For perhaps ten minutes they worked. Again and again Tom bathed the child's flushed face. Then suddenly he looked closely and slowly the cloth dropped from his limp hands as he bent forward, listening for a feeble heart-beat. There was none! Far away the village clock chimed three times as Tom and the little old lady raised their eyes to each other's faces. Then the bereft mother's lips moved painfully and she murmured:

"It—is as—as God—wills."

LE MATEMATIQUE

MILDRED SULLIVAN, 3A

Little Stanley was a genius in mathematics. Since his baby days he had delighted in the science of numbers. As a toddler he learned 2 plus 2 before his A B C's. When, as a chubby youth of four, his father offered him the choice of a shiny copper or a dull five cent piece, he always chose the nickel. Public school only deepened and increased his love of mathematics. In High School, Algebra was the culmination of his life-long passion. Little Stanley revelled in x's and y's and unknown quantities.

As to the other subjects on his curriculum, Little Stanley was indifferent. Why should he worry? The boy sitting in front of him was a marvel in Latin; the boy on his left unsurpassed in French; and the boy behind him knew all the important historical events from 1492 to 1914. Little Stanley devoted himself to his beloved algebra without fear of poor reports.

Life at school went on merrily for our hero until after Christmas when he was sent to bed with an attack of 'flu. The doctor prescribed absolute rest for a week. Little Stanley complained bitterly:

"I don't know what the Algebra teacher will do without me. She says I'm a great comfort to her and

I know she'll be quite lost without me."

"Stanley," said his father dryly, "if I were you, I'd be worrying about what I would do without my teachers in the other classes such as Latin and French."

Stanley's father thought it advisable to call in the family physician and thus we find him talking to the boy. "And now, Stanley," said the doctor, "I shall leave this bottle of medicine here beside your bed. You are to take one teaspoonful every three hours. You're a big boy, and you can take these doses without bothering your mother. Be sure to measure them carefully."

Little Stanley scowled as his mother and the doctor left the room. An invalid should be treated as such—not required to wait on himself. He eyed the bottle curiously; then he removed the cork and sniffed. He lay back on his pillow with a wry face and thought of the bitter dose he must take at three hour intervals. Then the brilliant idea came to him. Why not take enough doses at once for the whole day; or for two days! Thus he would be spared the repeated nuisance of measuring the medicine and the rest of the day could be spent in peace. He would

have plenty of time to work on some Algebra problems which he had secreted under his pillow.

"Let the total number of doses be n ," Little Stanley wrote on his pad. "One dose is taken every three hours. In twelve hours the number of doses would be — — — — —."

Little Stanley worked on carefully and finally reached an answer of five teaspoons as a dose for a day. It seems needless to discuss the result of this over-dose of medicine.

A month later Little Stanley, still weak and shaken, came downstairs for the first time since his illness. As he entered the living-room slowly, and sank

into a chair, his father looked up from his paper.

"Well, and how's our mathematician to-day?" he inquired.

Little Stanley winced, "I am no longer interested in mathematics," he said with dignity.

"Oh," said his father, smiling broadly, "and where do you plan to turn your endeavours now?"

The boy opened the book which he was carrying. "I have decided to devote my life to French," he announced.

Then Little Stanley began to chant softly the formula of his chosen subject: "Je suis-tu es-il est-nous sommes-vous e-tes-ils sont."

TO HIM WHO TAKES

ALMA ARMSTRONG, COLL. 4C

In the dim grey light of early dawn, a small stooped figure was seen creeping furtively along a rubbish-littered alley of Lower New York. About half-way down the alley the man paused for a moment and then as if by magic, disappeared. This man was "Butch" Megan, an ex-convict out on his parole after a fifteen-year prison term. For months he had waited here in this tiny room behind the grocery store which he had just entered, planning, and thinking over every detail of his first break. At last shortly after one o'clock of that same morning, he had pulled the job and was now triumphantly returning to his old haunts, to count the money and prepare for his get-away.

The room was cold, bare, and very shabby. There was a small stove in the corner, a jiggly table and a chair on one side and a small cot on the other. Putting on a great fire Butch sat down to count the money. Tens here, twenties there and fifties on the other side. Ten thousand dollars! Not such a bad haul after all, considering that it was his first try in almost sixteen years. He had been too smart for those coppers again. "Guess this will show them just how clever I really am," he thought as he sat drowsily by the fire.

He could picture himself strolling along Fifth

Avenue dressed in his best or climbing into a shiny limousine driven by his chauffeur. Now he could treat all his pals, visit some hot night-spots and get to know some of the "swells." He was just as good as they, now, because he had money.

As the fire began to die down "Butch" awoke from his reverie, grabbed up the money, and stuffed it in his pocket. He had to get out of there right away because in a few hours the cops would be on his trail and searching the neighborhood. Now came one of his proudest moments. Slowly he drew out a large suit box from under the cot and took out his nice new suit. He looked like a different man in bright black and white checks with his black derby, cane, and red tie.

Finally he was ready to leave—but first he had to remove any trace of his presence in the room. Into the alley he threw the table and chair; the cot and his old clothes into the fire. At last he was ready to leave. "He'd never have to live in a place like this again," he thought, as he started to leave. About to step out onto the street he reached into his pocket to feel the comfortable wad of green bills. Suddenly a terrible sickening feeling of fear came over him. The money was not there;—he had left it in his other trousers which he had burnt!

HIS TORTURE

TERAIS EAST, 4C

Slowly he raised his pain-racked body from the dry, blistering, sand. After staggering on his wavering legs, a look of utter dismay passed over his sun-scorched cheeks as he perceived golden hills of sand entirely encircling him.

Better that he had remained where he had been, on the sand with the merciless sun glaring into his blood-shot eyes like a beacon, as if to waken him

so that she might torture him and watch him squirm under his supreme power. During his fitful sleep he was back on his mother's farm. He and Martha had raced down to the sea and plunged headlong into the water! Cool, refreshing pure water—a drop of which would quickly relieve his parched lips, aching limbs and burnt forehead.

Was there a God? Or is He One who has fav-

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ourites and lets the less fortunate die. Not that he was afraid to die, no! The continual hanging on, stumbling forward, day after day—in all directions was terrible. He was travelling aimlessly, like a blind man groping along a dark path without a guide—moving just for the sake of moving.

There it was again! Over there on the right—mother's cottage and Martha standing at the door waving. Come now—buck up old man—it's one of "those" again. Since the second day after his canteen yielded its last drop of musty water, he had seen spasmodic glimpses of home; then he would hurry across the blistering sands in order to reach them, only to fall exhausted by the wayside. He was like an animal held in a cage, so large he could not escape. Caged animals were more fortunate than he, for they had water. Even though it was dirty water from stagnant ponds, it was water. How cruel and unjust was fate, for here he was, young vital, human being who had none.

The sun, tired of her play, began to go slowly to rest in a bed of gold, covered by blankets of crimson, mauve and orange. As the last rays of her light stole across the sand, he perceived his mother's cottage surrounded by tall nodding palm trees instead of the familiar background of rocky cliffs which he had playfully climbed—but there he was reminiscing

again—enough of that!

Unable to control himself, he stumbled forward running as fast as his weak body would allow. His mind and better judgment told him it was one of "those" again but he was like a wild beast unable to control himself and followed only his natural instincts.

It was nearer—yet it could not be possible. His eyes were playing tricks on him—what a cruel trick! The air felt sweeter as if there was water moisture in it.—his nostrils easily detected it as they were dry and dusty. He fell, gasping for breath, he looked up—then uttered a weak note of exclamation and fell back in what seemed to be feathered down. He was in heaven, that was the only solution. There hovering above him was a figure with angelic expression on his face, with hands clasped on his breast in prayer. His long, white, flowing robes were symbolic of the expression on his face. Then the stranger spoke, "You are well dear friend?"

"But I . . ." was all he could answer.

"Do not fear or excite yourself for you are safe in our monastery. We are harmless monks living in seclusion in our small home in this oasis. God does not forget or neglect His wandering sheep.

"No—not even those who, in physical torture, doubt His Being."

DEEDS OF THE DARK

ELLA CRUICKSHANK, 4A

It is one of those starless, moonless nights, and a misty, clammy darkness enshrouds the earth. You can faintly discern a silent, solitary figure, with his collar brought up well around his neck and mouth, and an old cap brought down, almost far enough to meet the collar, making his way, stealthily, along the road. It is an old, rough, seldom travelled road, and the appearance of such a sinister looking figure causes attention. Suddenly the figure halts and cautiously glances around him, and then he begins to make his way up the long muddy lane that leads to a huge, massive structure, surrounded by a forest of pines. As the figure gropes along, looking cautiously at every few steps to see if he is trailed, we are sure that he is a robber—perhaps a murderer! He looks startlingly suspicious; for he keeps his hand ever near his pocket,—maybe concealing a gun!

He is drawing nearer, nearer, to the house. The innocent members of this home may, very soon, be robbed or murdered! He quickly, softly, goes to the door. He is trying it. It is locked—bolted! He hesitates but a moment, and . . . he's going to try

another way! Softly and lightly, as the present rustle of the breeze in the leaves, he approaches the window and peers in. Seeing no one in the room, he makes sure by lightly tapping on the window, so that his deed will not be stopped later. Now he is raising the window—oh, so slowly,—so quietly. He must have planned this deed well, for he jumps lightly and lands right on a soft rug which muffles all sound. Now, very quickly, he is taking off his shoes, and is leaving them concealed under the sofa.

He is creeping upstairs, crouching, sneaking, lest he should be discovered in this, his last step, after such a hazardous experience. He knows exactly where he wants to go, for now, at the top of the stairs, he is softly opening the door of the bedroom on the right of the hall. Is he going to murder someone in cold blood? No, surely not. But wait—he is thrusting his hand into his pocket . . . the gun? . . . and draws out . . . a handkerchief! With a huge sigh of relief, this poor, hen-pecked husband wipes his brow. He has "made it," without waking his wife!



WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY

A grey day, dark and stormy,
Relentless, driving rain,
When lo! a rainbow up above
Brings light to earth again.

Long rows of tumbling houses,
Huddled close and small,
But in one window blooming,
A flower brightens all.

A bad day, full of care and pain,
Of disappointments, tears,
And then, a happy word, a smile—
How fair the day appears!

The world's dark parts, its gloomy days,
Its poverty and sorrow,
Are lightened by the lovely things—
A promise for the morrow.

REMINISCING

STIRRETT, 4A

When I am out of school I'm sure
That I will be inclined
To think of all the bygone days
That I have left behind.

The school show, the magazine,
The hardy football teams
Detention room, the Physics class
Shall haunt me in my dreams.

Cadet parades, D.C.R.A.;
The closing bell at four,
Shall always in my memory
Remain forever more.

These happy thoughts will fill my mind
Until the day, I die,
And I'll n'er forget that saddened hour
When I left the S.C.I.

THE COLLEGIATE

SPRING

I love to be upon the hills
And watch the pretty daffodils,
To watch the hawk go soaring by
Merely a speck up in the sky.

The men are gathering maple sap
While, in the distance I hear the rap
Of the flicker, who has recently flown
From the sunny south, his winter home.

The water is running in brooks nearby,
While pale, fleecy, clouds sail 'cross the sky
The robins are building their tiny nests
Each one thinking that his is the best.

Of the seasons, spring, summer, winter or fall
Spring, my favorite, is best of them all.
The skies are clear both day and night
'Tis truly a magnificent sight!

LITTLE KATRINKA

Little Katrinka sat by the door,
And pondered and pondered and pondered o'er
A thought which had entered her youthful mind,
A thought so pure, so sweet, so kind.

Her little white duck, that's what she'd give
To dear old Nanny with whom she lived.
She'd had her duck, Peter, since he was just fluff,
Her dearest of playmates, never cross, never rough.

Her heart felt sick. To part with him,—no!
She could not;—yet, as she watched Nanny sew
She thought of those gentle eyes so lovingly kind.
She'd part with her pet, she wouldn't mind.

She hugged soft Peter affectionately,
And, fighting back tears she climbed Nanny's knee.
She gave Nanny Peter. Explanations were few.
Nanny smiled; her eyes sparkled for, she knew, she knew!

"You keep him, my child. You love him, I know.
Your love for me dear in some other way, show.
Just never forget that good-night kiss,
Be good, be kind. Remember this."

Little Katrinka dried her eyes
Nanny was so good, so kind, so wise,
A hug for Nanny, a great big hug.
Then Katrinka slipped down to Nanny's big rug.

Little Katrinka's countenance beamed
That unselfish decision had illuminated, it seemed.
Her heart. She was happy, she danced and sang
As the little birds chirped and the church bells rang.

Little Katrinka held Peter tight
And danced out into the dim twilight
And here she prayed that for ever and ever
She'd love her Nanny and forget her never.

S. S.



MUSIC

Editor—A. BEDARD



SWING

The word "swing" meets a cold reception in the vocabulary of the great maestros who pour over the ponderous works of Beethoven, Mozart, Elgar and other famous musicians. "It can't last" they cry. In seemingly open defiance of this statement old man jazz takes a firmer clutch on the American people and plants his seed in England and France.

Carnegie Hall, famous for its classic performances, rocked with record breaking applause in the early part of 1938, the crowd stamping its approval on jazz music at its wildest under the baton of Professor Benny Goodman.

Every nine out of ten radio programs form their nucleus about a swing band. Why? "Because," the sponsor says "it has pep and that little 'umph' that puts the show over."

There is only one explanation. The change of times has caused an eruption in the style of music. There was a time when our grandparents and great grandparents dipped, bowed and sedately curtsied to the peaceful strains of "Blue Danube" or "Brahms Waltzes." But soon even they began to lose favor with the introduction of the immortal "Alexander's Ragtime Band." It was the beginning of the end. The spirit of the advancing and progressive age would no longer be pacified by melodious strains of the great masters. They cried out for something with more pep.

Then started one of the queerest cycles ever seen in the evolution of music. Each year produced hundreds of original and catchy tunes and the beginning of each year marked an increase in tempo.

Every road house, every night club and even church socials are patronizing the swing band. And as for the swing bands themselves? They have left no stone unturned. Swing knows no bounds. It has transposed, transpired and transcribed every imagin-

able type of tune and rhythm. It has adopted the Mexican and Spanish rhumbas and tangos; it has taken classics of Schubert's and set them to modern dance tempo; and the Scotsman's hair rises every time he hears the swing version of Loch Lomond. There is every type of swing band imaginable. The more original a band is in its style the more popular it becomes. The hotter a band can "swing it" the more demand for engagements it receives. The result has been a mad harem scarem scramble amongst musicians to see who can "beat it out" in the wildest fashion. The most popular of this type of band is Benny Goodman, Glen Gray, Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington and Fats Waller.

Underlying this hurricane however have been a few bands who render a more melodious and subtler type of swing against a background of waltzes and in this instance I refer to Wayne King and Guy Lombardo.

There is a middle class which attempts to serve up both types and does neither very well, and as a result becomes the struggling type of band that is so common to-day. The worst players can play jazz and get some kind of a tune; the better players can render it in a more pleasing fashion, but it would be fun to set up before all of these players an immortal classic and listen to the woeful result.

However, there seems to be no doubt in any one's mind that swing is here to stay. It even pushed its way into our Annual Antics in the form of the "Big Apple"; but the question arises, what forms will swing now take? That mystery only the future can answer. If some day we are dancing to the "Skinny Pear," the "House Dress" or the "Stampede of the Buffalo" don't be surprised and say "Isn't it amazing," for I have prophesied.

THE COLLEGIATE

MEMORIES OF STEPHEN FOSTER

ELAINE WARD, 5B

One hundred and eleven years ago there was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania a boy named Stephen Collins Foster. He grew up amid pleasant and affluent surroundings. As he was a quiet lad and did not enjoy robust health, he avoided the sports and pastimes popular with the boys of his age and spent most of his time at home or in the woods and fields. At an early age he showed a capacity and love for music and before his thirteenth birthday had written his first composition.

Foster owed most of his education to self-instruction. He learned to speak German and French and became proficient on the piano and flute. In 1844 he composed a song called "Louisiana Belle." This proved such a success that he was encouraged to write the balls "Uncle Ned" and "O Susanna." His songs spread to all corners of the world and were translated into many languages. They were not only cherished by the common people but also delighted audiences of the highest culture. A Christian minister was once heard to remark "The songs of Stephen Foster could be sung in a prayer meeting and do a great deal of good."

Stephen Foster was not however as much a success in his home life as in the world of music. He ever manifested a deep affection for his wife Jennie and his only child Marion, but his married life, which began happily, was sad in the closing years. During the last few years of his life he was without his family, a separation having taken place although a correspondence was kept up between husband and wife. His convivial habits may have been the cause of this

separation. Heroically he tried to overcome these habits but all in vain.

Story has it that at the time of his death he was living in a cheap hotel. One morning he was found lying on the floor with blood pouring from a gash in his throat. He had apparently risen during the night to get some water and had fallen, striking his throat on a broken pitcher. Three days later he died from loss of blood, alone and unidentified. However, his body was claimed from the morgue by his wife and laid to rest beside his mother and father in the Allegheny cemetery.

Thus died Stephen Collins Foster, one of America's foremost folk song writers. Although his songs are sung around the earth, his name is little known. Like many another genius he was not appreciated and when overtaken by misfortune he was left to die in his poverty, forsaken by the nation he had blessed by his living. Like a star that falls in the darkness of the night and disappears, this brilliant man passed from public view. But he left to the world a legacy of song more precious and lasting than silver or gold; a legacy that has cheered the hearts of the sorrowing, lifted burdens from weary souls, and blessed alike the palace and the hovel.

His name shall live forever as the greater writer of American folk songs but there are very few who know anything of his life and sufferings. He was a great man with a character too sensitive to battle with the world in which he lived. His great soul dwells in the sunlight of immortality and his memory will forever be cherished in every American home and heart.

YEHUDI MENUHIN

MARY KESKANAK

My story is about Yehudi Menuhin, a young man who, like myself, plays a violin. He loves music—I do also. He practises—I practise. He is a genius but I . . . Here the comparison stops.

Yehudi was a child prodigy. Of child prodigies a goodly number "flop" before they come of age but not so Yehudi. Critics agree that his talent—which flashed on the musical world like a meteor when he was only six—has ripened into that of a genius with the years. He is only twenty-one now. Like Mozart, wonder child of his day, he has marched from triumph to triumph.

As a baby Yehudi was taken regularly to the concerts of the San Frisco Symphony Orchestra because his parents were too poor to hire someone to

take care of him. Here the violins interested him most. Often he pointed a chubby finger at Louis Persinger, concert master and first violinist, who later became his first teacher.

At two he had a violin and could handle the bow. Six months later he began to learn the strings. At four he could play simple tunes. At six Yehudi was solo violinist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. At eight his recital packed the Manhattan Opera House. At ten he made Carnegie Hall, New York, rock with applause when he appeared as soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra. At eighteen he had completed a round-the-world tour, during which he played in sixty-three cities in thirteen countries in one hundred concerts—sometimes

before royalty.

Then his wise parents, Jewish immigrants from Palestine, clamped down the lid. (Yehudi was born in New York). They refused two hundred thousand dollars offered for a concert series; instead gave the boy quiet and rest at their Los Santos California home. When almost twenty-one he opened a tour to give seventy-four concerts. He is on this tour this season.

In spite of all these remarkable things, Yehudi is like any other boy. He likes milk shakes, hiking, base-ball and syncopated music—I mean jazz. He plays the saxophone. This marvel boy has never

been to school but his parents, both university graduates, have taught him at home. Yehudi speaks German, French, Hebrew and, of course, English.

Yehudi's best violin is a sixty thousand dollar Stradivarius which was made in 1733 for a Princess. It was presented to him on his twelfth birthday by Mr. and Mrs. Goldman, wealthy New York admirers. When practising, Yehudi uses a copy of the "Strad" which is a valuable instrument in its own right. He practises about three hours a day, four or five days a week. However "music for pleasure" is his slogan, and there is no hard and fast routine.

BEETHOVEN

MARY KNOX, 3C.

The Beethoven family was of Belgian and Spanish descent. Ludwig von Beethoven was born at Bonn on December 16, 1770. When he was older he was known as "the Spaniard" because of his thick black hair and swarthy complexion.

As a child Beethoven did not show the precocious gift for music that Mozart did. It is doubtful if he would have followed a musical career had not his father, who was a musician, forced him into it and the need for money been desperate. His father gave him a rudimentary training. Later he was taught by Van den Eeden, the court organist. His successor Neefe, who was a fine musician, gave Beethoven a good grounding in piano, organ playing and composition. He made his first appearance in public when he was seven. His next work was helping Neefe at the organ and then he became a cembalist in the theatre orchestra. When he was fourteen he was made assistant court organist. As this was his only occupation, he had time for study and other work.

In 1787 he went to Vienna and took a few lessons from Mozart who prophesized "he will some day give the world something to talk about." While he was in Vienna he became acquainted with a young Austrian nobleman, Count Waldstein who, sensing the genius of the young composer, helped him in every way possible. In 1788 he returned to Bonn and became a violin player in the orchestra. He held this position for four years.

By this time Beethoven was a well known figure in the musical life of Bonn and he thought he ought to try and establish himself in one of the greater musical centres. Many people who had read his manuscripts were convinced he would be Mozart's successor.

In 1792 he again went to Vienna—this time to study under Haydn. Sometimes, as shown by his letters, he intended to return to Bonn. However, he

never saw it again and Vienna remained his home for the rest of his life.

An Englishman, William Gardiner, read one of his manuscripts in 1793 and he wrote, "This composition, so different from anything I had ever heard, awakened in me a new sense, a new delight in the science of sounds." He asked about the author and was told he was considered a madman and his music was like himself.

At this time Beethoven was a man of great bodily strength, vast self-esteem and very ambitious. After Haydn, his other teachers were Albrechtsberger and then the opera composer Salieri. He did not like any of his teachers because they kept him to ordinary music and would not let him go as fast as he wanted.

Beethoven's first appearance as a composer-soloist was on March 9, 1795 in Vienna when he played the solo part in his piano concerto in B flat. In February, 1796 he gave concerts in Prague and Berlin. The King of Prussia, Frederick William II, offered him a court appointment but he refused.

During this period he was very arrogant and careless of other peoples' feelings though he, himself, was quick to take offence. His repentance however, was just as quick and sincere as his anger had been. He did not like certain people and he said, "I value them only by what they can do for me. I look upon them as instruments upon which I play when I feel so disposed." He was very conceited and Haydn often used to ask him, "Well how goes it with our great Mogul?" With some people he was a great favourite, but others hated him because he was a newcomer and had great talent.

His composition which we know as the "Moonlight Sonata" was then called "Sonata in C sharp minor." This work was prompted after he read a poem by Seume in which a young girl kneels at an altar to pray for her sick father.

Beethoven's whole life was changed by deafness. No one knows for sure how this happened. There are two stories told. One is that Beethoven stood at an open window to cool himself, thus bringing on a dangerous illness resulting in deafness. The other is he was given a great deal of trouble by a tenor over an opera aria. He had to rewrite the piece three times and just as he was congratulating himself on getting rid of the tenor, he returned. Beethoven became so angry he threw himself on the floor. When he arose he was deaf. He avoided all social functions and said he was living a wretched life. He was afraid of what his enemies would say if he said, "I am deaf." So, very few people knew of his deafness until it was impossible to hide it any longer. When he did not answer his friends, they had put it down to absent mindedness.

His opera *Fidelio* was produced at Vienna. It was a failure due to the fact that most of the well-to-do families had vacated Vienna because the French were advancing on it. It was reproduced in 1822. This time it was a complete success. He was commissioned to write another one, but never did.

One night after travelling all day in an open carriage, he became feverish and when he reached home was very ill. He paid no attention to his illness until two or three days later when he sent Carl, his nephew, for a doctor. Carl forgot and then told another man. This man became ill and was taken to the hospital

and while there told a Dr. Wawruck.

Beethoven, during his illness, wrote to his friend Stumpf reminding him of a Philharmonic Society's desire to give him a concert. They sent him £100 for use during his illness and said there would be more if necessary. He thanked them but begged them not to abandon the idea of a concert and he would write a new symphony for it.

He became acquainted with Schubert and read many of his songs, sensing the genius behind them. The two became great friends.

Beethoven had now undergone four operations and after the last all hope for his recovery was abandoned. Towards the end as he was lying unconscious a flash of lightning and a violent clap of thunder aroused him. He raised himself on his bed, clenched his right hand, a characteristic gesture, remained so for several seconds and in this attitude died.

He was buried at Währingon. Twenty thousand people attended the funeral and Schubert was one of the torch bearers. A monument with the single word "Beethoven" was erected over the grave. It became so neglected that a Vienna Society of the Friends of Music had the body exhumed and reburied. However, it was again exhumed and his remains and those of Schubert were buried in the central cemetery of Vienna in 1888 and so these two great composers and friends were laid in their final resting place side by side.



"CONGRATULATIONS"

This year, the Music Section of the Collegiate wishes to pay special tribute to that hard-working and ever-faithful musical organizer of the S. C. I. & T. S., Mr. W. E. Brush. The S. C. I. & T. S. is proud to claim as its bandmaster and orchestra leader the president of the Canadian Bandmaster's Association for 1937-38. It is a great honour for a bandmaster and to Mr. Brush, may we say "Congratulations."

MUSIC CLASSES

Music is beginning to assert itself more in school life in Ontario. Each week music classes are held in the auditorium and have proved to be highly interesting and of great educational value. From these classes there has been formed a school chorus under the direction of Miss Kate King, former pupil of Ernest G. Seitz, a renowned Canadian professor, composer and pianist.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS

Once more the students of the S. C. I. are indebted to the Drama League for being allowed to hear guest artists of renowned fame. Programs are given at the close of the afternoon classes free of charge. The senior students are given special privileges for the night performances. To the Drama League, they express their sincere gratitude. The first concert was given on Wednesday, January 19, featuring Miss Jean Chown, well known contralto singer, Miss Muriel Donnellan, harpist, accompanied at the piano by Gwendolyn Williams. A great deal of interest was centred on Miss Donnellan as it is not often that music lovers are given the opportunity of enjoying the flowing melodies of a harp.

Future concerts are being looked forward to with much enthusiasm.

Harold Galloway & A- Eugene Jones

THE COLLEGIATE

Bill Manser

Hand Band

Tid and some



James Elliott

SENIOR ORCHESTRA

Back Row: B. Manser, D. Greason, D. Richardson, B. Williams, B. Hammett.
 Centre Row: B. Jarvis, E. Cares, D. Park, B. Thompson, B. Bury, D. Baird, T. Murphy, D. Asbury, F. Bonner, Mr. Brush.
 Front Row: H. Galloway, D. Young, E. Keskanek, M. Kolcody, A. Bedard, Miss Ramsden, M. Keskanek, S. McDermid, R. Dailey, D. Elliot.

Hand Band



*B Hammett
B Williams
D Richardson*

Don Greason

Front Entry

Back Row

BAND

Back Row: J. Oliver, D. Baird, A. Bedard, E. Powell. 8th Row: B. Manser, B. Coles, B. Jarvis, M. Vokes, Mr. Dobbins. 7th Row: D. Rody, D. Hallam, B. Williams, B. Hamett. 6th Row: B. Whiting, V. Hanmore, M. Gibson, W. McMahan, D. Richardson. 5th Row: H. Bonner, D. Elliott, S. McDermid, M. Taylor. 4th Row: D. Asbury, B. Anderson, P. Simpson, B. Whitely, J. Smith. 3rd Row: D. Park, F. Jones, J. Mackenzie, J. Connor. 2nd Row: E. Cares, R. McAllister, S. Kay, L. Williams, C. Thomson. Front Row: B. Thompson, Mr. Brush, B. Bury (Sergt.), D. Greason (Lieut.).

THE SENIOR ORCHESTRA

This year, the school orchestra, although not quite up to the calibre of the orchestras of other years due to the graduation of its members, is still bearing the brunt of the morning assemblies. For the first time however, its work is to be recognized by the awarding of crests. There are certain regulations which must be complied with before these crests are awarded but, whatever they may be, it gives members of the present and future musical organizations something to look forward to as a recognition of their efforts.

Last year, the Senior Orchestra won first prize and high praise from the adjudicator, Mr. Reginald Stewart, at the Lambton County Musical Festival. Although they were the only entry in their class, the adjudicator claimed that the performance was one which would be hard to beat.

Once more the S. C. I. is honoured by having three representatives from its orchestra chosen to play in the Ontario Secondary Schools Symphony Orchestra, a group of musicians picked from high school orchestras all over the province. Those upholding the honour of the school will be Mary Keskanek, violin, Robert Bury, cornet, and William Jarvis, bass violin.

PERSONNEL

Conductor: Mr. W. E. Brush

Piano—Alex Bedard.

Bass Violin—Bill Jarvis.

Violins—Miss Ramsden, Mary Keskanek, Mary Kolody, Eva Keskanek, Stewart McDermid, John Brooks, Dick Young, Harold Galloway, Frank Lasenby.

Clarinets—Doug. Elliot, David Asbury, Bill Whitely, T. Murphy.

Trumpets—Bob Bury, Bruce Thompson, Don Parks, Eugene Cares.

Horns—Doug. Richardson, Bill Williams.

Euphoniums—Bill Manser, Don Greason.

Trombone—Bob Hammett.

Bass—Myles Vokes.

Drums—Don Baird, Jack Oliver.

THE JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

Keeping step with its big brother the Senior Orchestra, the Junior Orchestra also won first prize at the Lambton County Music Festival giving a first class rendition of "Tambourine" by Rameau. The Junior Orchestra is fostered with the greatest care, for, in a short time, its members become the main stay of the Senior Orchestra. To the Junior Orchestra the cry arises "Carry on!"

THE BAND

In the band we have a musical array acclaimed not only by the S. C. I. but by the City of Sarnia. From a small group of players, it has grown to one of the largest and one of the classiest bands in this district. Every year the band can be counted upon to do its share on Cadet day for not once has it failed to receive the maximum number of points awarded to its section.

To round off a perfect year in competition as far as music is concerned, the band won first place in the Musical Festival at Waterloo. They were highly commended by Captain O'Neil, the adjudicator.

The boys' goal this year is winning first prize at the King of Band Festivals held at the Canadian National Exhibition and needless to say, we wish them a world of success.

PERSONNEL

Conductor: Mr. W. E. Brush

Clarinets—D. Elliott, D. Asbury, B. Anderson, B. Whitely, T. Murphy, P. Simpson, Bill Gamble.

Saxophones—S. McDermid, M. Taylor.

Euphoniums—B. Manser, B. Whiting, V. Hammore, D. Greason.

Trumpets—B. Bury, L. Williams, D. Parks, E. Cares, B. Thompson, J. McKenzie, D. Hallam, R. McAllister, F. Janes, D. Rody.

Horns—D. Richardson, B. Williams, R. Elder, O. Walker.

Basses—B. Jarvis, M. Vokes.

Trombones—B. Hammett, R. Stirling, M. Gibson.

Drums—D. Baird, J. Oliver, A. Bedard.

Band Lieutenant—D. Greason.

Band Sergeant—B. Bury.



WEATHER

Hot in the Bridge
Vicinity

S.C.I.
SLUSH

RUSH

SLUSH
EDITION

(Incorporated with the Bridgen Buzle and the Petrolia Precaution)

DATE—hope, I hope, I hope

PRICE—Less

DRASTIC DISTURBANCE AT CHATHAM!

AN IMPORTANT NEW DISCOVERY

New Field Open for Juniors'
First Dances

S.C.I., Christmas Week—An amazing new discovery was disclosed here this week after much diligent search on the part of two sweet young things of 2C.

Following much "Tripping of light fantastics" and sips (or gulps) of H₂O on the evening of the 25th of December these two worthy little troupers with much initiative on their own part discovered that punch (and the real McCoy at that) could be obtained just a few feet away, and, to their amazement—**absolutely free**.

This discovery was made a little too late to be of very much assistance to either Genevieve or Frieda but it will be carried down through future generations.

The praise may be wholly contributed to these two determined young sleuths.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

A tall, blonde member of Spec. Com. wishes to announce the rumors of approaching nuptials are entirely erroneous.

Students who pound the pavements of Mitton street four times a day wonder why the members of our staff bought large cars when they never use the back seats.

Sammy Stokes and Jim Doohan wish to make public the knowledge that they had a good time at the Sodalitas dance—even if they were "sans femmes." Sammy and Jim are now basking in the light of their reputations as the "perfect party crashers."

NOTICE

Due to "Clean Up" Week in the locker room there will be no knitting meeting held there next week.

ALCOHOLIC SUSPECT

No Bottles (Except of Ink) To Be
Found Around the Premises

Room 212—An extremely baffling mystery confronted 5A German class this morning.

Although no names have as yet been disclosed it is alleged that one Miss Taylor (the one with the more German knowledge) was in a surprising condition. It seems she had contracted hiccoughs in some unknown manner, causing widespread distress in the room.

Dentyne gum which has always been a cure, and water (at least that is what Miss Taylor claims to have consumed) and also sudden scares, failed to be of any assistance.

An investigation is being conducted, but because of little co-operation, has been progressing very slowly.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL (Mostly Personal)

A delightful dinner party was held at a roadside Bar B. Q. recently for the committee on the "At Home" in honour of its success. The music was supplied by Mr. Asbury's rickets. The favourite song was "Come Josephine in My Flying Machine," where the guest of honour and his wife showed unexpected dancing ability. Later coffee was served to the adults while the younger set partook of a glass of milk.

* * *

Last week a quiet but enjoyable tete-a-tete was observed during a spare in the A. H. The lunch was supplied by Miss Thelma Ross and the orange peelings were disposed of adequately.

* * *

A very popular resort for the younger crowd lately has been discovered, namely Abie's Casino. Both the morning and afternoon sessions are very popular at present.

Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." Then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained."

No Fatalities—But Many Serious Injuries

(By Daft Reporter)

Chatham, Feb. 2.—Much horror and ill-fortune dodged the fortunes of the luckless Chat(h)amites, when one of aforesaid tried to show "Two Steak" Finan that he was in the way. "Two Steak" who cannot be convinced in mere words, used his fists. The poor aggressor had no chance against the pile-driver blows of Finan. His team mates came to his assistance and things looked black for Finan. Suddenly the player's box and goal was deserted and all Sarnia came to his rescue.

Killer Keelan Attacks Innocent Bystander

Keelan and Kirk, sitting beside several young ladies, suddenly disappeared from the stands. Keelan (who is never wholly awake) failed to open his eyes in time to see an unknown gentleman below him and as a result said gentleman received Killer feet-first on the head.

The coach, mortified to think that his team would throw aside better judgment, had nothing to say. What he felt is unknown. Several of the team wonder how he kept out of the battle.

Allan, our star hockey player, did not restrain himself. Doc McDonald A.C.A.M. (assistant coach, assistant manager, etc.) had his friends help patch up the remains of some players.

It is reported a poor Chat(h)amite was carried off and after tedious work came to.

TAXI CAB PHONE E
KNIGHTS & DAZE

Pay before you enter, in case
you don't get there.

EDITORIAL

As this mag. is written for the S. C. I. about the S. C. I. and by the S. C. I. (or is it) it only seems natural that this editorial should be written on the S. C. I. and the prisoners therein.

Making the first floor rounds we find Mr. Mendy still conducting his chalk nose-rolling contests, and giving some lad "20 times" while the feds of the class sit with chattering teeth as the windows are sky high.

Leaving the lads to their fate we pass on to Mr. Fielding's room where he and Timmerman are still trying for the debating team. Next comes Mr. Johnson who is trying to figure out for what afternoons Kae Taylor owes notes and also penetrate Miss Logan's ears.

Wearily trudging our way upstairs we come upon Miss Harris ruthlessly disturbing Murray Phibbs while the boys of 2C (including those two perfect gentlemen (the Huestons) are presenting Miss Dalziel with a valentine containing a juicy piece of gum. Not daring to hurt these pupils' feelings she bravely chews the awkward substance.

Next we arrive at 211 where our own Mr. Gable, that flashy stick-handler is vainly trying to teach "de + le = du" amid a wail of sighs from the feds.

Hearing a terrific clamour from the direction of the A. H., investigation discloses Miss Burriss is supervising a study period and thinks Mr. Brush deserves three cheers for his worthy services. Entering the office we see several studes reporting lates and then tearing out of the school with the speed of Ed. Powell. We then follow Keelan (who is only 35 minutes late) into Miss Taylor's class. Upon inquiry into the housework question, as usual it is not done.

No escalators at hand, we make third floor by foot and find Miss Walker searching for words enough to answer Rooney's questions, while in 309 Miss Walsh is still seeking Misner's speech. Then we come upon that promoter of Esquire fashions in verbal conflict with Woodcock about a note or rather no note.

Finally we find Mr. Treitz trying to make himself heard above the squeak of Walker Humphrey's desk and as usual, not succeeding, and so people come and people go and nothing always happens.

SUSPENSE

Johnny asked, Shirly refused; Johnny begged, Shirly blushed; Johnny argued, Shirly hesitated; Johnny insisted, Shirly resisted; Johnny tried, Shirly surrendered; so Johnny carried Shirly's books home from school.

WILL SOMEONE PLEASE TELL US—

Who the three girls were Mr. Asbury caught trying to get a free ring-side seat at one of our noted basketball games?

Why a certain two girls go through Victoria Park at 11.30 a.m. Would it be the gentleman with the frost-bitten moustache?

If a certain 4th form, 3rd period, Wednesday afternoon, is entering into competition with Barnum & Bailey?

What 2nd form mechanic is that way about a 2nd form typist. (eh Ed.)?

What is there about a certain minister's son that gets one?

Who is the noted non-whisperer who nauseates one of our staff?

Whose favourite colours are Navy, Blue and Gold, eh Jo.?

What form believes everything you tell them?

What happens to Marg and Helen every Fri. afternoon (Mr. Andrews wishes to know?)

Into whose business Kirk was sticking his nose when he received the gash on the chin.

SHORT, SHORT STORY

The seconds sped away like winged measures as the moment of our doom approached. The more timid shook vividly with horror while the brave feigned nonchalance. Every eye was glued on the clock as the hour fast approached. Far away in the distance we could hear the marching feet of the monster as he approached. Not a sound could be heard in the room and the sweat beaded on the brow of the man in charge as his action in the next few minutes might change his life. Down the bleak cold marble hall came those footsteps approaching even nearer our cell. At the door they stopped and there sounded a knock like the falling of an axe. The quaking teacher swallowed nervously and trudged shakily to the door. In walked the inspector.

NOTICE

Mr. Treitz wishes to announce that he did not descend from the angels. He also hopes that his remarks on evolution did not grate on his sensitive pupils.

SILLY SYMPATHY TO SAD SAPS

by IMA SPOONER

Dear Miss Spooner:

My girl friend is very much taller than I. When we walk together I acquire an inferiority complex.

—Sorta Short.

Dear Mr. Short:

Could you wear stilts? Or did you ever try Fleishman's Yeast? Maybe you'll rise.—Ima.

* * *

Dear Miss Spooner:

There is a certain young damsel in 4C in whom my friend in T2A is interested. He is dark and good-looking and thinks women are poison except this one, to whom he does not speak. He will not take a girl home from skating because he is too tired. Every time I mention the above girl's name he takes a new interest in life. I think something should be done as he is wasting his life away.

—Never Give Up.

Dear N. G. U.:

Something must be done at once, but with precaution. Remind him "it's better to have loved and lost." Don't be dumb, get him an introduction to the lass.—I. S.

* * *

Dear Spooner:

I am lonesome. What should I do?

—Burly Esque.

Dear Burly:

Drop around some time buddy.—Ima Spooner.

* * *

Dear Ima:

When I visit my girl up on College Avenue my young brother tags along. He hangs around all the time and I get no peace.

—Oscar.

Dear Oscar:

I can sympathize as I have one too—a little brother, I mean. Bribery often works. Let me know how you get along.—Ima.

* * *

Dear Ima:

I write to a smoothie in Toronto and am too shy to write "love" when I close a letter, yet I want him to know I like him. So what?

—Ivy Doodle.

Dear Ivy:

Are you sure you are of age to write about such a delicate subject? Love is, yea, a great thing, but to one so young Ivy* However, don't be backward.—I. S.

To keep milk from souring: Keep it in the cow.

NAME	ALIAS	WEAKNESS	AMBITION	ULTIMATE FATE	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
K. Rooney	Kenneth	Truckin' with Alma	To live in Montreal	Dancing bar-tender	Have you heard the latest Scotch Joke?
K. Glynn	Kay	Old men	To stop giggling	Probably Doohan	Got your algebra done?
B. Keelan	Killer	Bonner's	Win a game of snooker	End up behind the 8-ball	Ain't it smooth?
W. Durnford	Winnie	Mr. Humphrey	Gym teacher	Gymnast's wife	Walk and I . . .
P. Misner	Paul	Phone calls from girls	A blonde from Pt. Colborne	Cabin boy on a tug	You tell him, I stutter
I. McCrae	Izzy	Pets	To yodel	Hog-caller on Ross' farm	He's nuttier 'an a fruit cake
J. Doohan	I. Montgomery	Blondes	Chemist	Test-tube washer at Imp.	Oh, Heavens!
M. VanHorne	Marnie	Double chins	Very private secretary	Co-respondent	Guess what?
D. LeSueur	Cussie	Too many O.A.O.'s	Professional at anything	Mascot	Hi Joey!
M. McEachan	Maggie	Afternoon matinees	Stay up till 12 p.m.	Sleepy time gal	oooh!
J. McDonald	Doctor	Freida	All round champion	Just all around	Shucks, twarn't nothin'
F. Barclay	Freida	All round champs	Fancy free and free for anything fancy	Nursemaid	Ninny compoop!
M. Harris	Mike	Shootin' shag	Second Don Wilson	Side show barker	Hello boys
E. Hall	Evie	Ed	Dancer	Bright's Grove	Hi keed!
B. Millholland	"Pew"	Himself	Esquire kid	Eaton special	Swing it kid!
G. Taylor	Geny	Parties	Marry a millionaire	Below de tracks	Oh Cathurn
L. Allan	Chirp	Philandering	To grow a beard	House of David	Shucks
A. Armstrong	Armie	Shsh club dances	Teach Ken to dance	Sore feet	Curses
T. Galpin	Teddy	Redundancy	Circumlocution	Tautology	Anti-disestablishmentarianism
J. Callister	Jean	St. Mary's	Professional skater	Hose holder at Curling Rink	Now you're braggin'
J. Smith	Jimmie	Chatham	Lacking	We wonder	Oh gosh
D. Craig	Dorcas	That school girl complexion	Dietitian	Starvation	Oh shag
W. McDermid	Wes	Cutting up specimens	Surgeon	Butcher	No kiddin'
A. Lyford	Peggy	Chewing gum	Ballerino	Hula dancer	Oh kid!
M. Pelling	Marj.	Jimmy Laws	Jimmy Laws	Jimmy Laws	Jimmy Laws

SWINGAROOS

LOST IN A FOG	Mr. Fielding
YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM DREAMING	Murray Phibbs
YOU CAN'T MARRY TEN PRETTY GIRLS	Logie Allen
THAT MAN IS HERE AGAIN	Mr. Coles
SWEET IS THE WORD FOR YOU	Doris Allingham
I DOUBLE DARE YOU	Frances Wally
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU	Frank Stirrett
YOU KNOW IT ALL SMARTY	Mr. Andrews
THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES	Kay and Jim
SWEET VARSITY SUE	Sue Spice
SHE'S TALL, BLONDE AND TERRIFIC	Jane Cowan
IF THAT ISN'T LOVE	Walk and Winnie
HE AIN'T GOT RHYTHM	Keith Dickson
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE	Rowena Payne
OLD FAITHFUL	Jimmie Woodcock
DIPSY DOODLE	Miss Burriss
A FINE ROMANCE	Edith and Dick
CARAVAN	Corunna Bus
NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT	Joan Lampel's Report
HOW COULD YOU	McDermid—dissecting a clam
MY LITTLE FRATERNITY PIN	Betty Abram
I'M DEPENDABLE	Dick Dyble
ONCE IN A WHILE	Homework
REMEMBER ME	Mr. Dent
QUEEN ISABELLA	Isabel Mendizabal
BEWILDERED	Mr. Treitz

JOKES

Miss Walker: Stirrett, will you please explain "The lark that soars on dewy wings."

Frank: It means that the lark was flying so high and flapping his wings so hard that he broke out into perspiration.

Miss Martin: Eileen, define a circle.

Miss McAdams: A circle is a round line with 20 kinks in it joined up so as not to show where it begins.

Joe Ehemam: Was that thunder I heard.

Eraie Banks: No. That's your feet.

Mr. Andrews: Keelan, what's a polygon?

Keelan (half asleep): A polygon's a dead parrot.

Mr. Dennis (recording air pressure in a bell jar): 20-30-35-40—

Hueston: What is it now, Sir?

Tarzan Dennis: 51 and it's rapidly rising.

Eddie: Quick, buy me a 1000 shares.

NOTICES

We once saw Freida "sans" Paul.

Mr. Asbury will not play a Benny Goodman record in Assembly. "The Carnival of the Animals" is plenty good enough.

A circle is a straight line as curved as possible.

LAST NIGHT'S FIGHTS

Point Edward Arena—Your reporter just received the inside story on the big fight last night. Mr. Asbury and a hot-headed Windsor fan came to blows during the excitement. Mrs. Asbury reports that she used one pound of beefsteak to unblacken a very black eye. Not to be outdone by his superior's exploits Mr. J. Misener swung a mean right on the jaw of a luckless London C. player. The referee retaliated with a two-minute penalty.

CAMPUS LINGO

Coil—What girls make in their hair.
Chemical—Something funny.

Perpendicular—Most people have 'em out.

Board—What you feel like in History.

Soe—What you say to stray cats.

Dynamos—A game played with wooden blocks.

Candid Camera—A camera with sugar coating.

Sweeten—A country in Europe.

Joke—Yellow part of an egg.

Sentry—100 years old.

Group—A disease of the windpipe.

Halo—What you say when you meet a friend.

Riple—A kind of a lottery.

Satin—The devil.

Scallop—The skin of the head.

Origin—A state in U. S. A.

Warfare—Relief for poor.

Marred—Someone with a husband.

Fuel—A silly person.

Fissure—A man who fishes.

Robot—A small water vessel.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Joe Brown wishes to announce that this necking business is one that grows by lips and blondes.

Mr. Mendizabal, instead of punishing his worst offenders, henceforth will use them as targets.

Mr. Fielding and Timmerman have finally come to an agreement on the est-ce-que construction.

One day we saw Jack Misener taking French. One day, we said.

The weekly crap game in the A. H. is postponed next week due to lack of funds. (And your dad is a banker, Audrey).

Mr. Ritchie announces that he is not to be called "Doug" by the student body. It isn't dignified. Does that apply to Miss Walsh too, "Doug"—I mean Mr. Ritchie?

The winner of the "most late slips" contest, sponsored by Mr. Coles will be announced directly after Easter. So far the race has been confined to an inseparable pair of 3rd formers and a special Commercial student. However, there is still plenty of time for further developments. Keelan has been disqualified.

The weekly fight sponsored by the Editorial Board was held in room 207. LeSueur was declared the loser by a wide margin over his dark-eyed opponent. Miss McRoberts acted as referee and later dispersed the crowd.

The Perfect Male Specimen of the S.C.I. Would Have—

Stewie Cousins	Eyes
Dick Dyble	Hair
Jack Misener	Physique
Eddie Hueston	Personality
Walk Humphrie	Athletic Ability
Bill Mackenzie	Clothes
Sonny Aiken	Smile
Jane Cowan	Dancing Ability

The Perfect Female Specimen of the S.C.I. Would Have—

Bea Dennis	Eyes
Helen Heller	Hair
Betty Abram	Figure
Francis Doherty	Smile
Marg McEachan	Personality
Kay Glynn	Clothes
Winnie Durnford	Athletic Ability
Jane Cowan	Dancing ability

Rhubarb is celery, a little blood-shot.

When you breathe, you inspire; when you don't, you expire.

TUNEALOGUE

FIGARO was walking through CHERRY BLOSSOM LANE when he met a SWEET STRANGER. He said I DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME, BUT YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL. My name is ROSALIE she answered, BEI MIR BIST DU SCHON. YOU'RE A SWEET-HEART he said. Let's go to a SMALL HOTEL and have TEA FOR TWO. O.K. she answered, and they walked THRU' BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY. With HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE, he said LET'S HAVE ANOTHER CIGARETTE. Just then SWEET SOMEONE who was TALL, TANNED AND TERRIFIC came in and said, REMEMBER ME in OUR CABIN OF DREAMS with OUR LITTLE BUCKAROO. Figaro said GOOD-BYE, I'LL SEE YOUR FACE BEFORE ME, ONCE IN A WHILE.

MISSCLASSIFIED ADS.

- (1) BULLDOG for sale, will eat anything, very fond of children.
- (2) FOUND, near Sarnia Collegiate, an umbrella belonging to a teacher or person with a bent rib and bone handle.
- (3) WANTED, a boy who can open oysters with references.
- (4) A GENTLEMAN will adopt a little boy with a small family.
- (5) WANTED, a room for two gentlemen about 30' long and 20' wide.

A. B. C'S OF FOURTH FORM

A is for Asbury, a shy young lad,
B is for Bucky, not bad, not bad,
C is for Craig with her dimples so sweet,
D is for Dennis who goes for a "Jeep,"
E is for Edith, and of course, Dickie too,
F is for Frank S.—he's always in a stew,
G is for Graham, so stately and tall,
H is for Henry with "spees" and all,
I is for Irene with a figure so rare,
J is for Jones and her bonny red hair,
K is for Ken who's "Big Appling" now,
L is for Lillian—does she talk—and how!
M is for Margaret, a sophisticated lady,
N is for nobody—it's a hard baby,
O is for O'Neil who goes for a drummer,
P is for Pearl—she came in the summer,
Q goes with Susie, which to come is a task,
R is for Rowell—silly questions does he ask,
S is for Sammy—a stag we all know,
T is for Terais—has she got a beau?
U is for Us who by work are forlorn,
V is for Vaniety—in our collegians born,
W is for William—Jarvis to you,
X is for spot—always held true,
Y is for ?—used when we may,
Z is for Zero—guess there's nothing more to say.

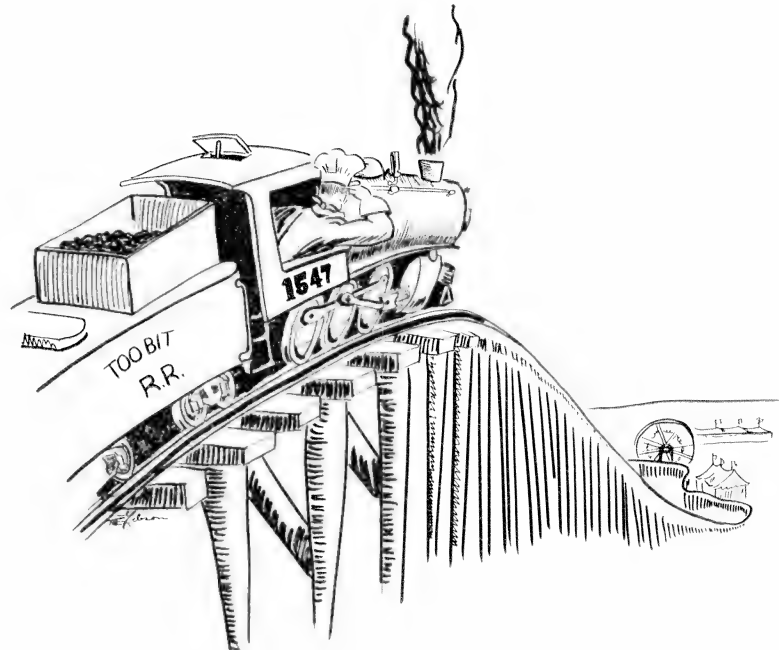
LOST AND FOUND

LOST—By Helen Pringle, a piece of white tape. Do not return.
LOST—Well-worn brain, valued as a keepsake. Please let Mr. Treitz know of its whereabouts.
LOST—A reputation by a certain lady (?) of 5A. If found in vicinity of Blue Water Inn on Feb. 25, do not return.

BOUQUETS

Orchids to the Hueston lads from Miss Dalziel who thinks they are perfect gentlemen. Oh well Ed, everyone is entitled to his own opinion.

Geraniums to Genevieve for accidentally (?) socking Bill Kirk in the eye and blackening it for days. Jenny certainly has a vicious wallop for one her size.



"Somebody musta threw that switch back there!"

TRAVEL:

Editor—J. DUNCAN

CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN THE CONGO

HELEN GALLIE, 3C

Neither prosperity nor depression bothers the Congo native. As long as he can get mud for his hut and grass for the roof and there are fish in the



river, he is happy. He need wear no clothes and has no gas bills nor grocery bills. When the locusts eat his crop, he eats the locust. His greatest concern, however, is earning a cow to pay for a wife. Once he has a wife, he takes life easy—lets her do

the worrying and the work.

The men wear very little clothing but the women look like animated garden plots in their lovely, coloured, cotton print dresses of gorgeous reds, yellows and blues.

The natives carry everything balanced on the top of their heads and never in their hands. This custom originated in the days when Africa was all savage, and at a second's notice a person might need his arms and hands free, to protect his life. Even the more civilized negro boys who work for the white people in Congo carry things on their heads. One day a man sent his negro boy to get postage stamps and instead of carrying them in his hand he put them on top of his head and put a stone on top of the samps so that the breeze could not blow them off. Of course you know they have no pocket-books nor pockets.

The native's idea of justice is an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, even a wife for a wife. You may wonder what is meant by a wife for a wife; but it just means this. One day a man seemed to be in a great rage and he demanded justice. Upon investigation it was learned that a neighbour had stolen his wife, but the neighbour gave him justice. He said, "He took my wife for



twelve days and gave me his wife for twelve days." Chickens caught scratching worms in a garden in which they do not belong have to be punished; so justice is obtained by cutting off one of their feet. Some of the men are very severely punished. They are tied over an ant hill and left to die from ant bites.

A Congo mother never punishes her obstreperous young son to make him behave. You see, it isn't necessary to use many "don't's"—life is free and natural. A Congo mother doesn't have to say "Use your fork," "Don't put your feet on the sofa," or "Stop scratching the table." There are no forks, no sofas and no tables. When life is simple, it is easy for children to be good.

The women have a place apart. Yet the situation of the wife of a Congo primitive is not so degraded as you might think. True, she has to cultivate the fields—no man will do this work; it is considered woman's work and beneath a man's dignity—yet she is the mistress of them and of her home, a mud hut with a grass roof; and no one has a right to meddle in her affairs except her husband and her brother who has even more power over her than the husband.

A Congo man is haughty toward his wife or wives—he can have more than one if he can pay the purchase price—a couple of goats or a cow or two, according to the value of the girl or the desire of the man for her as compared with her parents' cupidity.

There is tragedy for a wife when her husband dies, for his family beat her. She is supposed to look after his welfare; if death comes to him, it is self-evident to his family that his wife has been delinquent in her duties and needs to be severely punished.

One member of a tribe treats any other member as a brother. There is no social distinction, no rich nor poor—they share what they have. The fields belong to all. They own no properly individually except objects designed for personal use. The blacks get along amiably. If perchance disagreement arises, the dissenters simply gather some mud and grass and start a new village.

The locusts eat the crops in Congo and the negro eats the locusts, which are considered a particular delicacy there.

Housekeeping is very simple. The natives of Con-

go have no furniture, only a few skins and cooking utensils—pots, wooden bowls, pitchers and a spoon or two.

There are village beauty parlours there too. With a fascinating long-toothed wooden comb, elaborately carved, a negro woman, who kneels on the ground, combs the hair of the young girls who sit in front of her. The type of a woman's hairdress indicates her status in life, whether she is married, engaged, or just single.

The negro mothers are often seen washing their babies in the rivers. In a certain tribe it is a belief that if a child cuts its upper teeth before its lower ones, it is predestined to a life of tragedy. To keep such a child from years of suffering it is the custom for its mother to sacrifice her own feelings and straightway kill her baby.

When a negro dies in a hut the hut is destroyed. The natives are superstitious, you know, and will not live in a hut where death has entered. In addition

to the burning of the deceased's home, there is a six weeks' mourning period. When they bury their dead, they leave over the grave the departed's favourite possessions and some food.

The men of this district of Congo are compelled to wear a copper disc around their necks in order to show that they have paid their taxes to the Belgian Government. Both the men and the women wear many ornaments—bracelets carved from the toenails of elephants, and other bracelets and rings made from the coarse black hair of the elephant's tail—these are good-luck charms.

The negroes have a musical instrument, resembling the ukulele, called a "likemlie." Its music sounds like that of a muted xylophone. In the evenings a great number of the negroes gather and make curious noises to the music of this instrument.

Although Congo customs are not as primitive as they used to be, to us they are very curious and amusing.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH BOARDING-SCHOOL

ISABEL MENDIZABAL, 5-A

I was very fortunate to be in England during the Coronation. Three weeks of my stay was spent in a girls' boarding-school. I should like to give you my impressions of the life in their school.

There were four of us Canadian girls together. The other three came from Fort William, Toronto, and Battleford. After travelling several hours from London, we arrived at Loughborough, which was in the Midlands. Here we were met by two English school girls, who took us to the school. After being shown to our rooms, we ventured down to the dining-room where about 450 girls were assembled for dinner. I was thankful when our meal was over and we were free to wander in the gardens. Our dinner had been somewhat of an ordeal, as we felt all eyes were on us. Whenever we talked all the girls stopped talking to listen to us. Tea was served at four o'clock and supper at seven. Between these hours the girls did their "prep," homework. At eight o'clock, the junior pupils went to bed, while the seniors remained up until nine.

You can imagine my surprise when I learned of this. Because I had been so busy in London, I had postponed writing many letters until I should get to the school. Now I had to retire at nine. Dutifully I went to my room at the required time, but for about two hours I sat on my bed and used the windowsill on which to write. For light I had the rays

of the beautiful moon. When there was no moon, I wrote by the fading daylight. One night, a perfect hearing my pen squeak and the paper rattle, called out "Silence!" When she made a move to investigate I made a hurried leap for the bed. My first leap showed me that the springs were a little loose. After that I was very careful in approaching it.

There was an enrollment of 320 girls in the school, 30 of whom were boarders. The school uniform consisted of a navy blue hat and coat, navy blue tunic, with a white blouse and a red tie. In summer the girls wore cotton frocks and straw hats. A fee of \$125 covered tuition, board and laundry.

The classes ranged from Lower First to Upper Sixth—where I was placed. I studied the following subjects—Scripture, English Literature, Language and Composition, Modern History, Mathematics, French, German, Latin, Musical Appreciation, Gymnastics and Elocution. Subjects, which I had taken for four years, had been studied by the English girls for six years and yet we both seemed equally advanced. It was compulsory to take two periods of tennis a week. Most of the girls had played tennis from the tender age of five and were adept at the game. They never laughed at my playing but it was only because they were too polite.

The relationship between teacher and pupil surprised me. There seemed a little lack of understand-

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ing between them, which I believe is not so apparent in our schools. Our teachers regard us more as adults with ideas of our own; at the boarding school the pupils seemed in awe and dread of their teachers. One thing which impressed me was the teaching of good manners. When the teacher entered or left the room, we stood. The teachers were also greeted with a "Good Morning!" We might well follow this custom in our schools. Good manners so easily become a habit.

I was particularly interested in the girls themselves. They all were very friendly and kind to us. We Canadian girls seemed more developed for our years than the English girls. They appeared more serious than we did and with each other were very considerate and unselfish. Probably these good feelings were fostered by boarding-school life. At meal times each girl saw that the one next to her was served before she would begin to eat.

In the school there was the system of having prefects and sub-prefects who had authority which they sometimes abused, causing unnecessary trouble. One night in the dormitory I heard someone crying. Going into the next room, I found a twelve-year old sobbing hysterically because she had been scolded by a prefect. When a prefect would walk through the halls to her classroom the smaller girls would run to open the door for her. Each prefect usually had two or three younger girls who idolized her. They

also had authority to give order-marks for any misbehaviour.

The social life in the school was quite different from the life in our school. Probably our private schools in Canada are managed in much the same way as the English boarding-school but I am familiar only with our co-educational system. In Canada we attend school about five and a half hours a day and the rest of our time may be spent as we desire under our parents' guidance. We are able to attend movies, dances, concerts and social gatherings where we meet all kinds of people. This is not possible, of course, for girls who live in boarding-schools. I thought that to-day girls would have more freedom, but this was not so. It was requested that the parents keep their daughter's social activities until graduation or during vacation. There is much wisdom in this but there may be faults as well. Our co-educational system should prove beneficial both to girls and to boys.

It was a wonderful experience for me to live those three weeks in an English boarding-school. I realize that as I have been used to our High School life, I am naturally prejudiced in its favour. Perhaps we have too much freedom, while they have too little. Would not the combination of the two systems be an improvement?

In closing, may I say that when the time came for me to leave the school I felt sorry to say goodbye. My life here had been happily spent and I had made many friends.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE—AN ENGLISH BOARDING SCHOOL

BOB MACDONALD, 4-A

Ampleforth College, one of the largest of the English schools, was the one I attended for two weeks while I was in England. The college, picturesquely situated on the side of a high, graded hill, overlooks a beautiful valley. Along the valley runs a small brook and a miniature-looking railway whose train looked like a toy one to us Canadians. In a break in the steep hill on the other side of the valley, one could see the fresh green foliage which marked the presence of water. Here, hidden by the forest, were three natural lakes.

The college itself consisted of a large group of buildings built in different years during the last century and a half. The oldest and most interesting of these was a private house built in the early 19th century. The type of architecture and the creaking floors which have sagged in places, give this building the appearance of being the oldest part of the school. Attached to this are the class-rooms and the Abbey

in which live the Benedictine monks who run the school. The chapel which is in the Abbey, as are all the chapels of England, is much more beautiful than those of Canada.

The class rooms built in 1935 are small, as each class does not contain more than 20 pupils. This makes it possible for them to have much more delicate apparatus in their physics and chemistry laboratories than we do. Their method of teaching is different from that employed in our own school, but of course they teach the same subjects. I was not able to take any languages, as they start taking them earlier than we do in Canada.

The hours for classes and meals are entirely different from those used in the Collegiate. They start classes at 8:45 a.m. and work until eleven o'clock, then they have a fifteen-minute break for physical exercises. Work then continues until time for lunch at one o'clock. In the afternoon from one o'clock to

four-fifteen they haven't any work but have time free for games. They have tea at five o'clock and classes are finished at seven thirty. Then they have dinner, and after this their time is free until nine o'clock.

In the afternoon games are compulsory, each boy having to play each game a certain number of times a week. In the warmer part of the year they play tennis and cricket and have outdoor swimming. In the fall they play rugby and golf and have swimming in the indoor pool. There are two rifle ranges, one

indoors in which they use .22 rifles and one outdoors in which they use .303 rifles. A game which interested me was one played against a large wall. It is similar to tennis as they use a tennis ball and rackets and the ball has to hit the wall a certain distance from the ground.

To the Canadian boys all this seemed strange at first, but the English boys were so kind and generous that we soon felt we had been there for a long time.

A TRIP TO TEINTSIN

MARION MACKINLAY, 4-A

Gradually the ship pulled away from the beautiful country of Canada, breaking colourful streamers which seemed to act as bonds between us and those we were leaving behind. We were leaving Canada, setting out for a land which we knew very little about, and in which we were to live for a little less than two years. I felt a lump in my throat when I looked at the sad sight of broken streamers covering the deck, water and dock and realized what this departure from friends meant.

But things soon brightened up for we had not yet had a look at our cabin nor had we explored the ship on which we were to live for some time. The great ship, the Empress of Canada is really a beautiful house on water. The cabins which we were to occupy were on deck B and were very comfortable. The lounging-room, the dining-room and the children's play-room were up-to-date in every detail.

Over the water we sailed in our beautiful boat, seeing no land for several days. Instead of putting our watches ahead an hour every so often, half way across we skipped a day. This was to put us in right time with the eastern part of the world.

At last we reached the harbour of Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands. When still quite a piece out at sea, a small tug came out to greet us and to bring us into dock. As we drew close to the dock, we saw men swimming around in the water. We asked the deck-steward why they did this, and he said that if we threw coins to them they would dive after them. Out of curiosity, we did. I threw a small coin, worth a cent, and when it reached the water it began to sink down and down. I wondered why the diver had not gone after it; but I soon came to the conclusion that the coin was worth too little for his trouble. Then to prove that I wasn't such a stingy person I threw him a coin of more value. Gladly he went after it and retrieved it in a short time.

The boat was pulled into dock to the rhythm of music from guitars and voices. As we landed we were loaded with pretty garlands of coloured paper. Nearby were stands where one could buy these garlands made of flowers.

Honolulu is a very beautiful place with its picturesque shops, exquisite parks, museums, beaches where one can surf-ride and above all, there are quaint little people. During our stay at these islands we visited a pineapple farm and tasted the luscious fruit fresh from the field. It couldn't have been fresher for we went to the field to eat it. Just imagine pineapples that seemed almost to melt in one's mouth. Um! How good!

Our stay in Honolulu was very short for we arrived in the morning and left during the calm of the night. Pulling slowly away from this picturesque island, we went on our way to Japan. Japan was soon reached and we disembarked from the Empress of Canada at Yokohama, the port which is Tokyo's outlet to the sea.

We could not stay long in Japan for we had to move on to our destination. We lingered just long enough to see a few of the more beautiful spots in and around Tokyo.

On a Japanese steamer which was to take us to Teinstin, China, we experienced a most exciting trip. We put out to sea at four o'clock in the afternoon and soon after, a storm came up. By supper-time the storm was at its worst. Our dishes were sliding from one side of the table to the other. Our chairs and tables had been fastened to the floor, but some had broken loose, and were doing a merry dance around the room. Often our food went onto our lap instead of into our mouth. Slowly but surely the dining-room became less populated, and slowly but surely I began to feel badly, and then more badly. At last I could bear it no longer, and gave way to the strange

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feeling in my stomach. How I staggered through the corridor without ending up with a few broken bones, I don't know. When I had lain down, I felt much better and soon fell asleep, waking up to think I must be on land, so smooth was the sea. This is one of the numerous tricks that the strait between China and Korea plays on boats attempting to cross from Japan to China.

By the time our boat docked at Teintsin, the wharf was crowded with people—coolies, merchants, rickshaw drivers and one or two missionaries who

were to meet us. When we first set foot on land, immediately a number of Chinese clamoured around us trying to get us to take their rickshaw. The missionaries, however, soon came to our aid and helped us out of this plight for they had rickshaw men with them who were to take us to their home.

As we rode away I glanced over my shoulder to look at the faces of the Chinese. The expression that I saw, I grew to know well in the months that followed.

A FAIRYLAND OF WONDERS

RENETA BARNES, 4-A.

Glamorous? Yes, and majestic! That is Yellowstone. It is a wonderland embracing an aggregation of fantastic phenomena as weird as it is wild and remarkable.

As one passes along the road, one is completely surrounded by pine trees and overhanging rock ledges. On the slopes of these perilous mountains wild goats can be seen climbing from ledge to ledge.

Mother bears with their frolicking cubs nonchalantly walk out on the road and stand stock-still so that they might hold up the cars. They climb onto the running board. There is a tense moment. A huge, furry paw reaches in the window, palm up. Only too glad to get rid of this great obstruction one places some cookies, candies or whatever one has in its claw-rimmed palm. Being contented with what you have given it, it climbs slowly down to repeat the same procedure on its next victim.

Here are wild woodlands, carpeted with various coloured wild flowers, crystal rivers, thundering cataracts, gorgeous canyons and sparkling cascades.

Yellowstone is a paradise for expert and amateur

anglers alike. There mountain trout with their myriad-hued bodies coast silently through the crystal-blue waters of the sparkling streams descending from the lofty snow-capped mountains.

For miles around nothing but the hissing and thud of the hot waters heavily charged with lime from the boiling geysers can be heard. These waters have built up tier upon tier of remarkable terraces. Each terrace carries basins, elaborately carved and fretted with fantastic designs.

Grand Canyon is a cameo of canyons. Standing upon Inspiration Point one seems to look almost vertically down upon the foaming Yellowstone River. Tower Falls, twice the height of Niagara, rushes seemingly out of the pine-clad hills and plunges downward to be lost from view behind a projecting parapet of the canyon wall.

In the morning or evening or on a cloudy day the varied colours may be seen in more striking contrast and the profusion of tints presents an incomparable picture framed in the green of the surrounding forest. This is the climax of Yellowstone.

EDINBURGH CASTLE

THELMA ROSS, 4C.

A few years ago I had the good fortune to be able to visit Edinburgh Castle, situated on Castle Rock, in Edinburgh City.

The visitor entering the Castle, crosses the drawbridge over the old moat, and should observe the memorials to King Robert the Bruce and William Wallace, recently erected on either side of the doorway. He passes through the new battlemented gateway, where a warder once kept his guard. The steep winding causeway leads first to the ancient Portcullis Gate underneath the Argyll Tower. The arched pend

is fitted with provision for the usual wood and iron gates, four in all. The walls vary from ten to seventeen feet in thickness. Above the arch is a panel with arms, in place of those defaced by Cromwell.

To the left of Argyll Tower is a stair that was once, it is said, the only way to the citadel; the upper portion is now reached more easily by road. On the right, facing the north, is the Argyll Battery. Farther on, at the bottom of a short road, stands the Infirmary; and near it, on the verge of the dizzy rock over-hanging King's Stables Road are the plain four-

storey barracks erected during the French scare of 1796. Here also is the old sallyport to which, says tradition, Claverhouse clambered on his fruitless errand to induce the Duke of Gordon to link his fortunes with him among the loyal clans to the north. The sallyport is situated directly opposite Castle Terrace, and is accessible by a scramble from Princes Street Gardens. The historical visit by Claverhouse is commemorated by a tablet. It was by the postern gate also that the body of Queen Margaret was conveyed from the Castle, on its way to Dunfermline.

The citadel (highest plateau of rock) contains nearly everything of interest in the Castle. Mons Meg will be observed on the old Bomb Battery now known as the King's Bastion. This famous piece of ordnance was employed in the sieges of Dumbarton in 1489, and of Norham in 1497. It was also frequently used in the Civil War, and the curious note is made that two men died of their exertions in dragging it up from Blackfriars Yard to the Castle.

St. Margaret's Chapel, situated directly in the rear of Mons Meg, is the oldest building in Edinburgh, and also one of the smallest churches in Britain. It is of Norman architecture and was erected by St. Margaret, the pious and beautiful queen of Malcolm Canmore.

The Argyll Tower, reached by a stairway to the east of St. Margaret's Chapel, was dismantled in the siege of 1573, and restored in 1892 by the late Mr. William Nelson, publisher. From the roof, to which the visitor must not omit to go, the view is superb,

and, upon glancing downwards, the National Gallery and Royal Scottish Academy, midway in the gardens, appear like ancient Greek temples in a setting of green.

The Half-Moon Battery, at the east side of the citadel, was constructed in 1574, and completely changed the appearance of the Castle as viewed from the Esplanade.

Crown Square, or Palace Yard (entered by an opening on the right of the Half-Moon Battery) contains the Brown Room, Queen Mary's Rooms, and the Banqueting, or Old Parliament Hall.

The Crown Room contains the Scottish Regalia—the crown sceptre, sword of state, and Lord Treasurer's rod of office. Queen Mary's Rooms formed part of the Palace built for the Scottish queen in 1565. Part of the original ceiling has been preserved in the little bedroom where James VI. was born on the 19th of June, 1566. The Old Parliament or Banqueting Hall, now the Armoury, occupies the south side of the Palace Yard. It was used chiefly as a banqueting room and for meetings of parliament.

Besides these few interesting sights I have described, there are many more—the Scottish National War Memorial, the Hall of Honour, the Shrine, and the Esplanade. It was a most exciting visit which I paid this Old Castle and my one desire is to return to Scotland again, and, to revisit its fortress of ancient days—Edinburgh Castle.

THE BRUCE PENINSULA

ROSE HOPKINS, 4C

The north country is a paradise for nature lovers. I don't mean Northern Ontario—one doesn't have to go that far—but a country less than two hundred miles from Sarnia—in other words, the Bruce Peninsula.

The town of Wiarton is the "gateway to the Bruce Peninsula." Wiarton is a modern up-to-date town of sixteen hundred people, boasting a theatre, a tennis court, one of the smallest golf courses in Canada, and a good beach. All these are within two blocks of the main street. Tourists claim that this is the only beach that is completely free from flies and mosquitoes. The town itself is situated in a valley, and as you leave to go farther north you pass through what is truly a marvel of modern science. For the road up the north hill was carved out of solid rock.

There are three roads up to the peninsula, west, centre and east. If you want to travel in comfort,

take the centre road, but if it is scenery you want, by all means take the east road. This road is a winding trail, resembling very much a roller-coaster. As you go up a short hill, the road turns abruptly around a huge boulder, and will set you wondering as to what would happen if another car should be turning there at the same time. The trees often meet overhead, giving you the impression of being in a green-lined tunnel.

In the woods along the side of the road, wild flowers grow in abundance and the Bruce Peninsula is one of the few places in Ontario where rare orchids and lady's slippers bloom. Every year botanists and geologists come there to study the plant life or rock formations.

The many lakes and streams, as well as the waters of Georgian Bay, are a fishermen's paradise. Many are the fishermen who go back season after

season to try their luck, and return home laden with luscious fish. At any time, a deer or elk may stray across his path. There are also bears and snakes in the extreme northern part, but the natives don't stress these very much.

There are many legends about the cliffs on the peninsula, the most famous of which is that of Spirit Rock at Wiarton. The story goes that a young Indian maiden was in love with a brave belonging to an enemy tribe. Defying the wishes of the chieftains, the young couple went off together and were pursued by all the braves. In the pursuit her young husband was killed. As neither tribe would now accept her, she threw herself over the cliff to be dashed against the rocks below, thus meeting her lover in the happy hunting grounds. Even now, the face of that

unhappy Indian maiden may be seen in the side of the cliff.

It was the beauties of the Bruce Peninsula which inspired the great poet, William Wilfred Campbell, to write some of his best-known poems. For a number of years he lived at Wiarton, where his father was an Anglican clergyman, and there learned to love the great out-of-doors. Last summer at Wiarton, a cairn was erected to his memory, and many well-known people attended its unveiling.

Space does not permit me to tell you more of the beauties of the Bruce Peninsula, but perhaps I have told you enough about it that you have the urge to go and see it for yourself. If you do, I promise you won't be disappointed.

CONNAUGHT RIFLE RANGES— OTTAWA

JACK MCKENZIE, 4B.

Situated about twelve miles from the beautiful city of Ottawa, and nestled in the valley of the Ottawa River are the Connaught Rifle Ranges—haven of all marksmen. Upon entering the grounds our attention is attracted to row upon row of shining white pup-tents, and upon closer view, we find these are arranged in street columns. Some streets have larger and even different-styled tents, but these do not dot the whole area, for in the foreground we see the stately auditorium. The large building to our left is the main dining hall and separating these two is the small, but significant business and treasurer's office. In front of these buildings and stretching lazily down to the river's edge, are mounds and mounds of long green ranges. The cool breezes which play over these greens, ruffle the numerous flags and markers dotting the range. Across the river looms the distant Laurentian Plateau, its tips lost in the floating clouds. Let us now take a peek into the daily manoeuvres of the Sarnia Collegiate Cadet Corps, which, as you know, visits there annually.

The captain of our team signs up for our billeting at the registry office. The officer in charge gives us bedding and a guide to assign us to our quarters—two boys per tent. Each tent boasts two cots and an electric light. After looking over our surroundings and arranging our beds we settle down for the night. Careful check on the time-table reveals the next day's events. We are awakened at dawn, after a cool, refreshing sleep, by the recurrent fire of army rifles. Breakfast is now ready in the dining-hall, the meeting place of all types of men and boys. At ten

o'clock our first match is on. The cadet ranges are about a five-minute walk from the main range. Here the team lists up for the week and pays its entry fees which are very nominal. The matches make up a day's work, with extras to be fired at one's will. Wandering about we meet many boys from similar institutions as ours. Greetings are exchanged and lasting acquaintances spring up. After dinner, which consists of a light lunch, firing is resumed. At five o'clock the teams retire for the day and a heavy meal is served. Very little firing, if any, is heard after this time.

Nightfall brings on such attractions as band concerts, movies in the auditorium, and playlets staged by competitors. Although these allurements attract many, the larger portion takes to the city where one may visit such objectives as the Parliament Buildings, the Peace Tower, the Museums and the quaint Rideau Canal. Standing on the lofty grounds of the Government Houses, one can view practically the whole of the city of Hull in Quebec, whose many lumber mills are very impressive. At eleven o'clock all turn homeward, tired but happy.

Such is a typical day at the Connaught Rifle Ranges. The end of the week rounds up our outing. Awards and trophies gained throughout the week are obtainable at the treasurer's office. There is a rush here comparable to that of a fire sale in Sarnia. Equipment is turned in and after a last look around we leave for home. Upon reminiscence, the large buildings, small tents and our friends combine to leave a very pleasant memory of the Connaught Rifle Ranges and a desire to return next year.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

Editor—M. ALLINGHAM

Nigeria, W. Africa.

Dearest Evelyn:

I am very glad to write you this letter and I hope it will meet you in good condition of health. And very glad to see your picture. I just have it yesterday. Now I want to tell you some news, you ask me. What we are eating and we are doing. Our house is built with mud and some of our roof is made with grass but now is an iron roof. Our bed is made with cement and our mat is made out of a kind of grass. Our food are those maize, jam, sweet potatoes, casava bananas, mangoes, oranges, grapefruit and kuarwul is a kind of food like bean. He had a good mulberry tree and many kinds of flowers, roses, habiscos, and geraniums red and white.

Now dear I am sending you my photo with much love as you sent yours to me. This picture is fair is it not very good.

I am a Fransai. A kind of us are black people. In school I am trying to know all my Bible studys. We have examinations every month and this month I am first in our class. We are first class in the school. My eldest sister, Dinah, and all, send to salute you.

HANNATU SAMUILA.

Sao Paulo, Brazil.

Dear Kay:

I cannot remember if in my last letter I told you all about my trip to Rio de Janeiro, but I must assure you that it was the "swellest" trip I have taken in all my life. Perhaps you have heard something about Rio. I have never seen a place where Mother Nature was so prodigal as in Rio. Rio is called "the wonderful city" and before visiting it, I doubted what people said about it because they were so enthusiastic that made us wonder. After staying in Rio for six days, visiting everything I could and spending my time in the most wonderful way, I had to agree with the others.

We visited the new building of the Naval Academy which is being built on an island near the city of Rio de Janeiro, within the same bay. The officers who showed us this new Naval Academy, said that it is in many ways similar to that of Annapolis. We made also the circuit of Gavee, spent a day at the Island of Pagueta, visited the museums, newspapers, cinemas and casinos. Because some friends of mine and I started a friendship with some officers of the Navy we had the opportunity to visit some ships.

Now you tell me Kay haven't I any reason to be enthusiastic about Rio?

ELZA GUIMARAES SENNA.

Mauritius, Indian Ocean.

Dear Marjorie:

As you know, the island of Mauritius is an English possession. There are 400,000 inhabitants which is an enormous population for the small area. The social classes are the whites, creoles or natives, Indians and some yellows.

French is the language of the inhabitants. Only the English factions use the English language. The principal industry is the manufacture of sugar from the sugar-cane. The climate is very salubrious—hot in summer and cool in winter. There is only one thing that I miss in Mauritius and it is the total lack of snow, because it is too hot and the mountains are not high enough. I know nothing about skis, skates and toboggans.

Life in Mauritius is the same as in other countries. There is the college, arena, theatre, horse-racing, regattas and all amusements.

At the moment my greatest pleasures are swimming and hunting. I have just got a hunting dog. I shoot the hares in the fields near my home. I have killed several every Saturday. When I haven't too much homework I hunt bats in the evenings. Last night I killed several.

JEAN REGNARD.

Singapore.

Dear Alice:

I suppose I should tell you a little about myself. I am 22, 5 feet 7 inches tall and have ginger hair and blue eyes. I was born in the far north of Scotland but like a fool I read the bills that were posted all over the place (Join the Army and see the World) and I landed in Singapore.

The town of Singapore is ever such a funny place. One finds people of every nationality and each thinks that they are much better than the other . . . Of course in time of trouble the troops are very nice fellows. A few months ago there was a general native strike so you can imagine the fun we had going where we wanted and having anything we wanted at someone else's expense, but of course all good things come to an end . . .

I am due to leave Singapore this year and once

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more I shall be a civilian (thank goodness) for if ever I hated anything it's the Army. I shall leave next month but one doesn't know whether it's home or Shanghai these days.

ROBERT JAMIESON.

France.

Dear Catherine:

I was very glad to receive your letter. I did not answer it immediately because we made at the time some compositions which took all our time.

I love the music very much. I take piano lessons. My professor is my mother. I do not play tennis and golf. At St. Leonards' we do not go skating, there are no lakes.

There is a great garden at my school. We have two playgrounds for the volley-ball. I love the theatre very much but I do not go often.

Three weeks ago I heard on the radio the inauguration of the Canadian Memorial at Vimy. It seems very beautiful. Did you hear it also. Canadians very numerous.

YVONNE.

Paris.

Dear Alice:

At first I give you some indications of my family and me. I have a little sister who is two years and a half old. It is a beautiful baby with fair hair and blue eyes. Her name is Francoise. She begins to speak well and is very amusing.

I have seen that you are sixteen years old, me, I shall be sixteen on June. I am tall! I had brown eyes and dark hair.

You will speak me of your country, hadn't you? I have sought Sarnia on my geography book but I have not found it. I already should desire receive your letter! I am in a hurry to know you.

(In a more recent letter speaking of the Canadian Exhibit at the Paris Exposition).

On front of the door is a painting which shows a ploughman in a corn-field. A luminous sun lights the field. In the inside we see into big and tall bottles beautiful fruits such as peaches, cherries.

Then on the wall are large photograph illustrating some towns. I observe in nice sculptures of white pine on the Canada's farm. There was also a sort of tasting where I bought a sandwich of tunny. This pavilion has pleased me and I keep of it good souvenir.

JACQUELINE TIRY.

Canberra, Australia.

Dear Johnny:

We had a big day here on Coronation Day, too,

Johnny. In the morning there was a big ceremony on the steps of Parliament House. The Governor-General, and other members of Parliament were there with heaps of foreign consuls and ambassadors. Up on the hill facing the Parliament House were five cannon, which shot off twenty-one shells. Then there was an impressive march past of the return soldiers, Light Horse, Canberra Boys' Militia and cadets from the Royal Military College, Duntroon. (This college is said to be one of the most up-to-date military training colleges in the world. Fifty-three boys from all over Australia and New Zealand are learning everything it's possible to learn about military tactics.)

Then in the afternoon we had a huge display of physical culture on Manuka Oval. The senior boys of our school gave a display of physical culture. We had white shirts, shorts and shoes. Then there was a flag-drill by all the juniors of the Canberra schools. Lastly the cadets of Military College gave a display of marching and the goose-step. Then before we left the Oval we all received a special big bar of chocolate—was it good? The whole day was enjoyable.

BOB ADAMS.

Barrancabermeja.

Dear Ruth:

It is very hot to-day. I think the worst it has been since I arrived here. The thermometer says 92° now at 8 p.m. I have had a radio here ever since the middle of last December. When a friend of mine took her radio home I was only a day or two when an English lad came and knocked at my door and wondered if I would take care of his while he went on his vacation to England. Before he returned I had another radio which I have now and have had two more men ask me to take care of theirs also. It seemed to be kind of a joke at first but the air is very damp and hard on radios. Most of them have small electric lamps to dry the air out.

My Spanish is rotten and I think I will quit studying altogether. To learn to speak a language you almost have to speak nothing else but that one until it gets easy. I suppose you know this in your French. I jabber at the natives and after hours go back to English and forget all I learnt.

HARRIETTE.

Dear Frances:

I enlisted at Hastings on February 10, 1932 for adventure and to see the world. I went to Chichester for recruits' training for six months then joined the 1st Battalion at Dover. I remained there until October 12, 1933 when I left for India.

I left Southampton for India on the H.M.T. Lancashire for Karachi. The trip took three weeks. The ports of call were Pt. Said and Aden. At Port Said we had a short route march through the town. The distance by boat is about six thousand miles and I never felt sea sick. We arrived at Karachi November 3. We marched to the barracks and I was there eighteen months.

Then we moved to Hydenabad Sind, an outpost in the Sind Desert for six months and then returned to Karachi. The chief events were the Quelta Earthquake and the Karachi riots. We had to fire on the mobs.

We left India Oct. 15, 1935 for unknown spot. On reaching Aden we learned it was Egypt. We disembarked at Pt. Sixz and travelled to Allfandria by train. Then we moved to a secret station in desert for a few months; then back to Alexandria and then to the Sudan.

Alexandria is a fine town. There is plenty of amusement everywhere also plenty of sport. The climate is not like that of India. At Hydenabad it was never less than 84° in the shade.

In the Sudan we had to travel from part of the Sudan to Khartoum about every fortnight without sick men (serious cases.) The journey took 36 hours each way. There is nothing to see during the whole journey, except hills from Sudan to Gebeit and the rest of journey miles of sand. The only interesting thing is an English paper if we are lucky enough to get one.

The only sports we get at Gebeit are hockey and football and they are played as late in the evenings as possible . . . It is about a week from Christmas and we are back in England now on indefinite leave . . .

CLARANCE.

Rhodesia, Africa.

Dear Friend:

We had wanted to see the Victoria Falls for years so we went to Livingstone first. The first glimpse I had of the Falls was while we were crossing the Falls Bridge. We stayed at a delightful hotel in Livingstone (they are reasonable. There are four of them and they only charge from 10 shillings, 6 pence to 15 shillings daily) and later we toddled down to the Publicity Bureau to find out the most interesting things to do and see. I had no idea there were so many things to see and do. What with the Falls, Zambesi, Gorges, Scenic Drives, Game Park, Swimming Bath, Livingstone Memorial Museum, Old Drift, and many others.

The Falls were just too wonderful for words. We liked them so much that we went back several times to the same spot and just sat and gazed at them.

One day we hired a car and did the Scenic Drive. After that we drove through the Game Park and the animals just stood and pondered over us.

Apart from the time we spent around the town looking in the quaint little shop windows, we spent a morning in the Livingstone Memorial Museum. We read Livingstone's letters and saw a fascinating collection of native wares. Most of them had history and weren't like the usual dry exhibits you see in museums, at all.

ELIZABETH.

N. Kensington, S. Australia.

Dear Lucy:

What kind of weather are you having now? Cold and snowing? It's just opposite here. It's becoming very hot now and I'll be pleased when the holidays come so that we can go to the beach.

On Labour Day, October 13, I went for a hike to Horsenell's Gully, four miles from our home. Judging by the number of billy-cans and bulkiness of the haversack anyone would have believed us to be going for a week. It was beautiful weather and we chose a beautiful spot near a creek and it was surrounded by lovely flowering hawthorn bushes and brackens. It was spring then. We lit a fire and cooked sausages and saveloys. I knocked the haversack into the water and lost half our dinner but that was a mere detail. We hiked and hiked for miles and arrived home quite tired.

Last Saturday, Father Exmas come to Adelaide. As this is the first heralding of Exmas nearly everyone manages to come from the suburbs. It is really worth it for John Martin's, a large Adelaide Emporium has a procession through the streets. The floats are wonderful and beautifully decorated. They represent nursery rhymes and story book tales. It is the only one of its kind in Australia. We're proud.

PAT.

Mexico.

Dear Margery:

This is to greet you and excuse myself for the harm I did you in not answering your letter sooner but it is because I was not here. I went on a vacation to the ranch.

I give you thanks for your beautiful photographs, you look well. Please forgive me for not sending you my photograph without having to fail I will send it to you in my next letter. The ones I have are very ancient and are taken last year.

A friend of mine who knows English translated your letter for me and he says you asked for some pictures of churches. In winter these go south so I cannot send them to you.

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I have no more to tell you but I say good-bye as always your friend who appreciates you.

GONZALO ZURITA C.

Note: In the third paragraph "birds" were asked for.

Nigeria, Africa.

Dear Norma:

I am being glad to write you this letter. I think you will be glad if you read it. How are you there if you are quite well we all at Wuskishi are quite well. We have nine orphans here. We thank God that he brings them here and I have one that I love. Her name is Dadidja. She is white like white people. I here news from Miss Vince that she get a girl which is about fourteen so I said I love you and my age was fifteen. If I get my photograph I will send it to you and Miss Vince said to tell you that I am her child. I am here at Wuskishi. My mother die when I was a small girl and I was here with white people. We have many trees here. I shall tell you the names of them, orange, lime, great-fruit, mangoes. I did not know the names of some of them.

SARATU DANIEL.

Canberra, Australia.

Dear Johnny:

We are having chilly, autumn weather here now and soon Winter will be upon us. The winter here is cold indeed and we are high up in the mountains but I suppose it will be nothing like your icy weather in Winter.

I go to Telopea Park Intermediate High School, at which there are about eight hundred pupils. It is the biggest school in Canberra. Every Wednesday afternoon we have sports. In the summer we can play cricket, tennis or swim. While in the winter there is football, tennis and hockey.

We have very beautiful baths near our school with pure white tiling and crystal-clear water. Canberra is unlucky because the sea is 140 miles away. I looked up your town on the atlas and found that it was just on the edge of a lake. So you'll be able to jump into salt water any time you like I suppose, or is Lake Huron fresh water?

BOB ADAMS.

Burma, India.

My Dear Friend Reid:

I was very much pleased with your letter and your school paper. Please excuse me for I could not reply to you I was so busy at home and my lessons are too much.

As I am a tenth standard student I have to study hard. There is little time to do something else. If I pass this year I hope I could join University Col-

lege. I have a great responsibility to serve my family. I am the second eldest and only boy who is going to support my big family.

The great sorrow was that we lose the football match with Police A. team. Our team was winner. Now we are practicing cricket. I hope you can play either cricket or football.

My dear friend you are my only first foreign friend in Canada. I hope you can give my stamps of your country. I will be very much grateful if you do what I wish.

MAUNG THAN.

Nigeria, Africa.

Dear Norma:

A new baby arrived here on Sunday for our orphanage. She is a month old and only weighs three and a half pounds. The place she come from the people have a custom that if the mother dies when the child is born the child is burned alive with the mother because they say she was responsible for the mother's death and must have an evil spirit. They were going to bury this baby when our mission rescued her and sent her here. In some places if the mother dies they take the baby to the woods and leave it for the animals to eat.

This morning one of the girls and I went to call on the chief of our village and we took his picture. We asked him if we could take a picture of him and his wives so he agreed and perhaps we will go tomorrow. He has at least twenty-one wives.

DOROTHY VINCE.

Jallieu, France.

My Dear Correspondent:

I thank you for your charming letter to which I am replying without delay giving you some details about my life. I live in the Mairie de Jallieu, a pretty chateau whose picture I send you. It is situated in the middle of a small park where I amuse myself often. I live in the rooms transformed into an apartment. We are tenants only.

I go to school at the college of the neighboring city, Bourgoin. I have a quarter of an hour walk. I learn there, in the fifth class, French, Latin, English, mathematics, natural history, Roman history, geography of Asia and drawing.

Jallieu is situated in a manufacturing country and has numerous weaving manufactures. The country is rather flat. It does not snow very hard during winter and I cannot ski like at Bourg St. Maurice near Mont Blanc where we were living two years ago.

I do not study music but hope to learn the violin next year.

ETIENNE.

Brazil.

Dear Kay:

I'll tell you now about my graduation. My graduation took place on the 8th of December. It was a big affair and the Gymnasium was well illuminated and had been ornamented by a florist. Our class, the Secretarial Course had fifty-one pupils and the Accounting ten. After receiving our diplomas one of our schoolmates spoke in the name of our class. The representative of the "Mackenzie College Old Pupils Association" gave to one pupil of the Accounting Class a gold medal because she had the highest marks during the course. Then the president of the Mackenzie College told the public that the winner of the English contest was "Miss Elza" (myself) who received a gold medal but it wasn't ready also and graduation night was over in this way. We had a ball afterwards. A ball which we liked very much. It had to be over (Oh, the Law!) at 4 o'clock A.M. and then we went to bed.

ELZA.

Talara, Peru.

Dear Bob:

I suppose that you soon will be doing your Xmas shopping. How would you like to shop in a store not as large as your dining-room and where you had to hunt for what you want to buy. You'd be surprised at the things you'd find. It's fun though.

I have a boy working for me now who is fourteen years old. His name is Francisco. He cleans the floors and windows, dusts, polishes brass and silver, waters the lawn and cleans the cars.

Last night we had four guests for dinner and Francisco left without helping the maid to wash the dishes. Jack asked him to-day why he left and he said his mother would lock the door if he was late getting home. He's a nice boy though and I like him.

FRAN.

France.

My Dear Dorothy:

I am pleased to receive your letter. Please excuse me for not writing earlier only we have had exams at school for a fortnight. I shall go without doubt to Lorieu to spend my Easter holidays.

Spring has come at last in France. The weather was splendid. The sun was shining and the sky was quite blue without any clouds. Flowers begin to grow.

Here there is a tall theatre the "Trocadère," operas, comedies, tragedies and plays are presented. I go often because I love the music a great deal.

SUZANE.

Tottenham, England.

Dear Isabel:

I finished school in July, now I am at college. I was pleased to receive a history prize which helped me a great deal.

We all live in college like the boarders at schools, only there is a great deal more freedom. We can go anywhere we like without asking, as long as we attend lectures and are in by 9.50 p.m. Tottenham isn't very nice but we can get into the centre of London in half an hour. The living accommodation is good, especially for the second year. They have lovely study-bedrooms.

We do such subjects as hygiene, art, music, handiwork, English education, psychology of children, and methods of teaching. I am going to teach infants.

Last summer I went to Paris for three weeks. We went to the International Exhibition and had a lovely time. Next September I hope to go to Switzerland, to our chalet. With love,

MARGARET.

St. Denis, France.

Dear Nola:

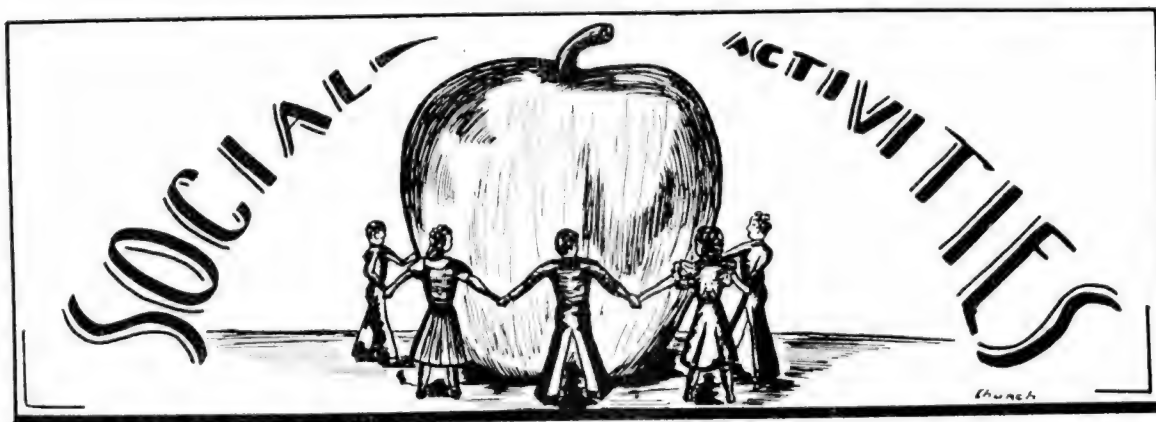
I have received your letter and I am very, very happy and I thank you very much. You have sent me very interesting things and I thank you again. Please excuse me for writing so late but I had a great unhappiness. My uncle is dead.

Our Christmas holidays was from December the third to January the third. I was very glad as I was very tired. I go to bed on one o'clock in the morning and arise on six o'clock of the same morning. I have much work and little spare time. You ask me scholar's customs of France. Here are mine. We begin school at 8.30 in the morning, at 10.25 we have a recreation of 5 minutes, at 3.25 we have also a recreation of 5 minutes, and from 11.30 to 1.30 we have a spare time during which we take our lunch. In the evening, we go out at 4.30.

I don't go often to the theatre but now and then I go to the Cinema. (Do you like Shirley Temple: she is a very pleasant little girl). I like very much singing. (Do you hear much about Eino Rossi. He has a very agreeable voice). I saw the feasts of the Coronation to the Cinema: it was a grand thing. I like much King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. They are very sympathetic.

Please excuse the clothes that we wear, my sister and I, but it is in the morning. When I shall take other photos, I shall send you better. You see, I have a dog, which name is Fox. It is very pretty and gentle. Dear correspondent, I am closing and am sending you my best wishes.

ODETTE.



Editor—E. O'NEIL

AT HOME

One of the gayest dances of the Yuletide season was the Annual "At Home" held in the girls' gymnasium of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School on the evening of the twenty-eighth of December.

The guests were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Coles, Mr. Ross W. Gray, M.P. and Mr. Harold Van Horne.

In honour of the Alumni, the students artistically decorated the hall with the colours and crests of the various universities of the province.

Clare Thorner and his orchestra rendered a program of delightful dance music from nine until one. During the evening refreshments were served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Asbury led the Grand March. Brightly coloured favours were distributed which added greatly to the gaiety of the evening.

To quote the sentiments of those attending is to say that it was by far the best "At Home" ever held and one which will long linger as a pleasant memory.

The committee in charge deserves credit for the success of the evening.

Chairman, Jim Woodcock; Program, Bill Kirk; Refreshments, Kay Taylor; Invitations, Mary Doherty; Decorations, Ed. Powell.

CADET DANCE

For many years now it has been the custom to hold a dance following the inspection of the Cadets, which completes the social activities of the School Year.

On the evening of May the nineteenth, this annual event, eagerly anticipated by all the students alike, was well attended, which gave a wholesome school spirit to the affair. The hosts, the officers and members of the Cadet Corps, made an impres-

sive appearance in their uniforms, as they mingled in the crowd.

The patrons and patronesses were: Mr. and Mrs. F. E. O'Donohue, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon MacIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Mendizabal, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. White, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Coles, and Mr. A. R. Fleming.

The success of the evening was due not only to the efforts of the students, but also to the splendid music provided by Jack Kennedy and his orchestra.

TEA DANCE

An outstanding event of the Rugby season was a tea dance held at the conclusion of the game between the St. Thomas Vocational School and Sarnia Collegiate Institute on November the fifth in the boys' gymnasium.

Dancing was enjoyed from seven until nine, accompanied by Jack Kennedy's orchestra. For the merry time had by all much credit is due to the committee in charge.

FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

The nineteenth annual reception for the newcomers to the school, given by the older students, took place on October the first.

Throughout the day the Freshettes appeared, dressed with a green bow on each side of the head, a half-apron and unmatched shoes.

The guests were assembled in the gymnasium, blind-folded, and underwent a gruelling experience after which a short program was enjoyed, followed by the Mass March. The evening was brought to a satisfying close when an attractive lunch was served by the Athletic Executive.

As the freshies departed they were given ice cream and sent home as real members of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School.

DRAMA

Editor—A. MACMILLAN



THE THREE FRIENDS

PHYLLIS GIBB, Sp.C.



Characters:

Marg—the heiress.

Jean—her closest friend.

Peggy and Lucy—friends of Marg's.

Scene:

The living-room of a home in a typical small town. At the left is a small table with a telephone on it. There is a door to the street at the back. At the right of the stage are two easy chairs, one each side of a chesterfield piled high with cushions. A table holding a vase of sadly drooping flowers is at centre stage.

As the curtain rises, two young girls are seen. One, holding a telegram, seems very excited.

Marg: Now what do you suppose is in this telegram?

Jean: Well, there is only one way to find out. Did you ever think of opening it?

Marg: Not a bad idea, Jean. (Opens the telegram, reads it and collapses on the settee in surprise.)

Jean: What is it? What does it say? Tell me quickly! (Snatches the telegram from Marg's limp hand and reads aloud.) "Your aunt Cora died today leaving you sole heiress to her estate stop details following stop Greenberg, Goldstein, Finklestein and Kelly." Hum, Kelly must be in on a rain-check. (Then, realizing the full meaning of the telegram, she becomes very excited). Why, it says you are an heiress! You're wealthy. Wait till I tell the gang! (Then, very considerably) Why my dear, you look quite pale. Shall I get you a glass of water? Your poor Aunt Cora. It must be a dreadful shock to you. She was such a sweet little old lady.

Marg: (Dazedly) She was six feet two with a face that would stop a thousand clocks. But I wonder why she left it to me. I certainly don't deserve it.

Jean: She must have been enormously wealthy. And now you inherit everything. Isn't that marvelous?

I must tell Peggy. (Goes to the phone and calls 651. While she waits she hums "Bei Mir Bist du Schoen.") Peggy? Guess what! Dear Margaret has just received word that she has inherited her aunt's entire fortune. Isn't that wonderful? (Listens for a moment.) Oh, yes do come. We shall be delighted to see you. Goodbye. (Hangs up the receiver and turns to Marg.) Peggy is calling Lucy to tell her and they will be right over.

Marg: That's fine, but Jean, listen for a moment and let me tell you—

Jean: Of course dear, what is it? Really Marg. I think you should have a car now that you're an heiress. There was the sweetest one in the Chrysler show room. It had red wheels and red upholstery.

Marg: Yes, but—

Jean: But then if you got that one you would have to buy clothes to match and—well, red isn't quite your colour. (At this moment Lucy and Peggy arrive. Lucy is carrying some beautiful flowers. They rush to Marg. and throw their arms around her. Then Lucy presents her flowers with a flourish.)

THE COLLEGIATE

Peggy and Lucy: Oh, Marg. How wonderful! (They turn to Jean who has dumped the old flowers on the floor and who now begins to arrange the fresh ones.)

Peggy: Margaret certainly looks a little pale since she heard the glorious news. Here, dear, sit in this chair, it's more comfortable. (Pushes Marg. into chair, on extreme right while Lucy fusses around with cushions.) But, of course, I'm sure I would be positively prostrated with joy!

Marg: Will you please let me explain!

Lucy: We certainly will darling. How much did your aunt leave you?

Jean: Here is the telegram we got. It doesn't state exactly but, of course, her dear old Aunt Cora left a huge amount.

Lucy: I must say she didn't look it. Remember the hat she wore with the bird wobbling on top of it? And the clothes! They were simply too, too, utterly awful!

Jean: Well, they say wealthy people can afford to be eccentric.

Marg: To be exact, my aunt left me—

Peggy: (To Lucy and Jean, quite ignoring Marg). She must give a party to celebrate her good fortune. Let's see. Perhaps we should reserve the Embassy. What do you think girls?

Marg: I really don't think you quite—

Jean: Of course she will reserve the Embassy. What kind of flowers shall we use? We must have lots and lots.



Lucy: Lillies in memory of dear Aunt Cora.

Peggy: But it must be a quiet affair because of her recent bereavement. Say about a hundred guests. Oh yes, and about the—

Marg: (Shouting) Will you be quiet and let me finish! My aunt's entire estate consisted of a parrot and two gold-fish.

Jean, Lucy and Peggy: What, no money?

Marg: No.

Jean: How could you be so cruel, Marg? Telling me she left you all that fortune when—

Peggy: Yes and having us plan such a lovely party too—

Lucy: And the decorations—

Marg: But I didn't. You—

Jean: Really, Margaret, this is too much. I hope you will excuse me if I leave now.

Peggy: Yes, Margaret, I too am wounded, deeply wounded. To think that you could be so deceitful! Come Lucy.

Lucy: Good afternoon, Miss Downey. (As she passes the table she picks up the flowers she brought with her.)

Jean: I hope you enjoy your "fortune." Goldfish! Parrot! Phui!! (Jean, Peggy and Lucy go out.)

Curtain

CLIFFS AND CURES

LOIS HAMILTON

SCENE: A comfortable drawing-room with a sofa at the left. Behind it is a lamp. At the back of centre stage is a large desk with a chair before it. A piano on the right is loaded with music. At centre stage is a small table set for tea with three chairs around it. A slim pretty girl of about nineteen years of age enters the room followed by a horrible misshapen monster. One arm drags on the ground like a gorilla's, the other is twisted dreadfully as is the creature's spine. Surprisingly enough the face of this animal-like creature is that of a boy of about sixteen. The girl speaks—

Gloria: Michael is late today! Wonder what's keeping him? (addressing the boy). He said he'd come, didn't he, Ted?

Ted: (growling) Yes, but I suppose he won't be because I'm here. He hates the sight of me, and I don't blame him for it. I know—I appear ugly on

the outside, but (shambling over to the girl) inside I'm no different than anyone else. But everybody looks at me with horror in their eyes—and yes, pity. Pity! I can't stand that! That's how you look at me, with pity and loathing, as if you wish I were dead. (Becoming agitated). Don't say a word—you know you do! I wish I were dead, because if it weren't for me, you could marry Michael. I'm the only obstacle. I'm that only thing tying you down. I know I am. I know it! Know it!

Gloria: (anxiously leaning against the desk for support, her face ashen) Don't! Please don't! Ted, calm down a little, don't excite yourself. You'll have another of your spells and you might strike me again. You know I can't manage you then.

Ted: (stopping suddenly, contritely) Oh! Yes! I'm terribly sorry Gloria. I'll never forgive myself for

hitting you the last time—I think I'll go and see if tea's ready. (as he leaves he brushes past Michael who is just entering).

Michael: Hullo! What's matter with Ted?

Gloria: (dully) Nothing.

Michael: Gloria, has he had another spell? Listen dear, you can't stay with him any longer. He's getting worse every time.

Gloria: Yes, I know, but I just couldn't send him away. He'd never be able to stand it. And besides, Ted is really sweet when—when he's all right. He's the only relative I have left, Michael, and when he's gone (turning away) I won't have anyone.

Michael: (softly) You'll have me, Gloria. Why won't you marry me? I'll take care of Ted as if he were my own brother. (Ted slips in unseen, and listens).

Gloria: No, I can't let you tie yourself down like that. Ted is my burden and as long as he lives, I won't marry you. Can't you see? (pleadingly). I must be free before I can allow myself to become your wife.

Michael: Ted would be better off dead.

Gloria: (shocked) Michael!

Michael: Yes, he would! You know yourself that eventually he will have to be put in an institution, (Ted flinches, turns slowly around, and walks out) and in his sane moments he himself would wish for the only escape possible, Death!

Gloria: If it were not for that pressure on his brain brought on by that trouble with his spine, he would be all right. I've given up hope for his recovery. All the doctors say it would be certain death to attempt an operation—(brightening) but let's talk of something more cheerful until tea is ready. Come, I'll play the piano. (She seats herself at the piano and her fingers wander over the keys).

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SCENE: Same room, Gloria and Michael are seated at the table finishing their tea.

Gloria: It's funny that Ted is not here yet. Perhaps he is at the cliffside collecting birds' eggs. He

has a marvellous collection you know. Several people want him to collect for them.

Michael: Say! That's an idea! He could make a tidy sum by that. There is good money in it. I'll speak to him as soon as he comes in. (There is a sound of a phone ringing just outside the door. Gloria goes to it and we hear her speaking).

Gloria: Hello, yes, this is Gloria Masefield—What? Oh, my God—Yes, I'll be ready to leave in a few moments. (She hangs up). (Coming back into the room). Oh, Michael, Ted threw himself over the cliff and—and he's dying. They're flying him to New York to operate immediately. It's his only chance. They're waiting for me. I—I must hurry.

Michael: I'll come with you Gloria. (They go out).

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SCENE 3: A waiting room in a hospital. A bench is along the back wall and there is a door to the left of it marked "Operating Room." A door on the right leads to the outside. The light is dim except where a sky light lets a pool of cold calculating light fall on centre stage. This emphasizes the icy white of the walls. Gloria and Michael are seated on the bench. Michael is trying to comfort Gloria who is the picture of despair. The door opens and a doctor, in operating uniform, walks in.

Doctor: (smiling) Young lady, consider yourself a lucky girl. This is the most remarkable case I've ever seen. That fall straightened his spine a bit and removed the pressure on his brain. Of course, he'll be in bed for some time yet, but in the end, he'll be almost a normal boy.

Gloria: (hiding her face on Michael's shoulder) Oh, I'm so happy! I'm crying, but I can't help it.

Doctor: (bruskly) Reaction, my dear, reaction. Go out with your gentleman friend and have a good time. It will relieve you. Now don't worry about your brother. He is perfectly all right. Go on! I'll leave her to you young man! (He walks out).

Michael: Well, Gloria, what about it? (Gloria stands up with a smile on her face, takes his arm and they follow briskly after the doctor, laughing into each others face).

Curtain

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH DRAMA

MARGARET A. HOSSIE, 4A

Like great Greek drama, English drama owes its origin to the demands of religious ritual. These earliest dramas were acted at Easter to impress upon the minds of the people the facts of Christianity. A temporary structure, representing a sepulchre, was erected

within the church and after the service on Good Friday a crucifix was buried, then disinterred on Easter morning. At Christmas too, the service was enriched by living tableaux.

As time went on, this ceremony was further elab-

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orated and as it expanded it became more worldly. Lighter episodes were introduced which made the plays unfit for the performance within the church itself. The church yard or the porch now became the scene of action. Comic scenes were introduced.

By the 13th century, the clergy was forbidden to take part and from this time on the drama passed out of the hands of religious bodies and became connected with the trade guilds. The subject matter, however, was still based on the scriptures or the lives of saints but the number of scenes was increased to provide an episode for each of the guilds to enact. These were known as the Miracle Plays.

To each of the guilds was allotted one scene. Each of these was played on a movable scaffold consisting of an upper and lower room drawn on four wheels. The upper room was the stage, open to the sky, and the lower one served as dressing room for the actors.

The four cycles of Miracle Plays which have come down to us seem to follow some original model which was no doubt primarily drawn up by the church.

Following these a new type of play came into being, known as the Morality Plays, which gave moral instruction. Its characters were virtues and vices personified and the action consisted of the struggle of Good and Evil for the mastery of man's soul.

While these two types of plays were still going on there grew up a demand for short plays which could be performed between the courses of a banquet. These were called Interludes. From these In-

terludes, we pass on to the development of Comedy proper. These began to follow the plan of the classical drama. The first rule was the observance of the "Three Unities," of time, place, and action. The Unity of Time limited the action of the play to what could take place in twenty-four hours. The Unity of Place did not allow any violent change of scene. The Unity of Action required that a play should have a definite beginning, middle and end.

In England, by this time, classical Italian drama was beginning to show its influence. The subject-matter of these consisted of the love-stories of gods and goddesses and the acts of the heroes of classical mythology.

From early comedies we turn to early tragedies for which Latin plays became the model. It is said that the first tragedy was written to warn the Queen against remaining unmarried and in so doing leave the succession disputed. To the early people, this would indeed be a tragedy.

Meanwhile, the taste for plays was growing rapidly among the people. Miracles, moralities, merry interludes, and farces continued to be acted even until the time of Shakespeare.

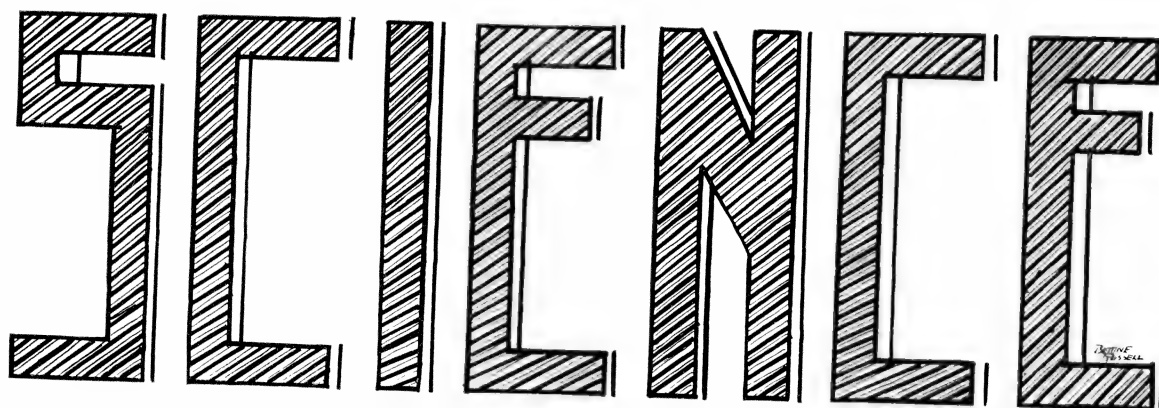
Very little is known of these early, popular dramas. Countless of them, if ever printed, have been lost and forgotten. We owe, however, a great deal to these early dramatists for there was scarcely a play of those periods which did not have some sparkle of genius and it was plays of this type that inspired our later dramatists, including Shakespeare.



VARIETY—TAKEN FROM PARADE

The fork is an implement of Italian invention. Upon its introduction into England its use was ridiculed and considered highly effeminate. Queen Elizabeth did not approve of forks although she consented to try them in her later years and was severely censured for doing it.

Twenty per cent of the world's population are near-sighted . . . Glycerin or a chemical equivalent to it, is usually added to the tobacco to reduce dry irritation by keeping the cigarette moist . . . The French Foreign Legion contains a great number of Germans . . . There is enough phosphorus in three old-style matches to kill any human being. Yet, there is enough phosphorus in the human body to make eight hundred thousand matches . . . An intoxicating beverage is made by the natives of some tropical countries from the honey of ants . . . The average male has about twenty-five thousand whiskers on his face . . . The belles of ancient Rome made a skin preparation of breadcrumbs dissolved in milk, while in Queen Elizabeth's day the favourite face cream was a mixture of pulp of apples, rose water and dog's grease . . . President Roosevelt has paid almost \$2,000 to the U. S. Post Office for letters sent to him insufficiently stamped. The President's office never refuses to take in mail sent by poor people . . . It takes about 15 months to season the wood used in ordinary matches . . . Men who have moustaches, according to doctors, are less susceptible to colds than those who haven't got them . . . The absorption of alcohol is effectively retarded by drinking heavy cream.



Editors—E. PASS, J. BROOKS, B. DELDERFIELD

THE SELENIUM CELL

L. JONES, 4A.

The selenium cell or photo-electric cell has been the means of making possible many of our modern inventions. It plays a large part in television and in the modern "talkies." It can open doors, sound burglar alarms, light and put out street lamps, sort out cigars according to their colour, count parcels and even catch the light from a star billions and billions of miles away, and with it light up the buildings of a great national exhibition.

This marvellous invention may be truly called the electric eye. Light rays of different intensities when flashed upon a photo-electric cell plate are changed into electrical impulses of corresponding strength, which when amplified become sound waves. This metal is not only extremely sensitive to light, even to rays invisible to the human eye, but it is also a conductor and non-conductor of electricity. When exposed to light, selenium is a conductor of electricity and will send on electrical waves or impulses, but when the light is cut off, the selenium becomes a non-conductor and offers a stubborn resistance to the passing of electricity.

As a burglar catcher, a selenium plate, attached to a burglar alarm, proves a perfect sleuth. To a burglar, a shop equipped with instruments on one side reflecting only infra-red rays to the selenium plate directly opposite, may seem to be in dense darkness. But though the infra-red rays are invisible to the burglar, as soon as its path is interrupted, the selenium cell becomes a non-conductor of electricity, the circuit is broken and the burglar alarm peals his doom.

The photo-electric cell is used in the cathode-ray system of television. As the scene which is to be transmitted falls upon the sensitive plate, which is made up of minute selenium cells, each tiny cell responds to the different intensities of light and sets up corresponding electrical impulses. These are made

much stronger by an amplifier and then sent out across space where they are picked up by the aerials of the television-receiving sets. Here the electrical waves are built up into a picture again and finally thrown on to a screen for everybody to see.

In the modern "talkies," the moving picture and the sound-effect films are printed on the one film. The sound track runs along one edge of the film, and contains horizontal lines, varying in density according to the pitch (vibration), intensity and quality of the original sound. Hence, the problem to change these lines into actual sound arises, and here the photo-electric cell proves to be the solution. A beam of light is caused to shine through the sound track and from there passes to the cell plate which is very sensitive to light variation. This light, varying according to the density of the lines, is changed into similar electrical impulses, which when amplified are sound waves. These are sent by wires to a loud speaker behind stage. In the screen, there are thousands of minute holes and through these holes, the sound waves pass to the audience.

One more illustration of the power of the selenium cell, that of lighting the Chicago Exhibition of 1933-34 by the light of a distant star. Indeed, it is almost incredible that this could be made possible by a star, whose ray of light travelling at a rate of 186,000 miles per second, takes over a hundred years to reach this world.

How was it done? Well, several powerful telescopes were trained upon the star and its light was made to shine upon a number of selenium cells. Again the process used to make light was similar to the process used in the inventions mentioned above. The light reacted on the sensitive selenium, a weak current was set up; passed through amplifiers, then sent to the main searchlight of the exhibition ground.

From it, the other selenium equipped lamps picked up the light and the action was repeated. In this manner, each building flashed from darkness into light and the miracle was worked by a selenium or photo-electric cell utilizing the light from a star 600,000,000,000,000 miles away.

THE MARVELS OF WRECK RAISING

I. MILNE, 3A.

Before the Great War, the important business of salvaging was left entirely to private enterprise. As a war measure though, the British Admiralty took over salvage operations and came to own the most extensive plant ever used in such work. The ordinary casualties were dealt with by private companies.

Among the more common methods of raising ships are lifting her bodily, pumping her out, and filling with compressed air. Lifting is done by lighters, specially constructed for the purpose or by huge flexible air-filled cylinders which are sunk and attached to the ship so that they lift it to the surface. Lighters are thin tanks filled with water which are sunk until their decks are almost awash. Enormous hawsers are attached to the ship and the water is drained from the tanks. As the buoyancy increases the lighters pull the ship clear off the bottom and a tug pulls them to the nearest harbour where the ship is repaired or scrapped.

The vessels are frequently lifted by compressed air, in which case the air is forced down into the ship. The air forces the water through a hole in the wreck left for the purpose and as the ship becomes air-filled, it rises to the surface like a bubble. One of the most remarkable cases of a ship being salvaged by compressed air was that of the "S. S. Gothland" of the Red Star Line. In August 1914, after a terrific storm, she grounded on the rocks off the Scilly Isles and tore a hole in her bottom for a length of one hundred and fifty feet. The salvors simply forced air into the vessel until she floated and then took her under her own steam to Southampton.

Salvaging is always filled with uncertainties. One never knows when bad weather may come along and ruin in a few minutes the results of weeks of labour and cause the wreck to sink to the bottom once more.

ACOUSTICS AND THEIR CONTROL

J. A. CLYSDALE, 4A.

Acoustics, as studied by the architect, are those facilities or difficulties in an auditorium or other building in hearing the speaker, music, or other sounds to be heard. The longest recognized and most troublesome are so called internal acoustics, or troubles originating in the desired source of sound.

A trouble now being fought in the transmission of foreign sounds from outside.

The phenomena influencing the internal acoustics of an auditorium may be classed under the heads of reverberation, echo, and interference and these must be studied with regard to their distinctness and loudness of speech, and the tone and quality of music. These trouble are not independent of one another, in causes, effects or cures, nor are they all evils in themselves. Their presence to a limited extent is often very necessary, if not carried to extremes. The factors which influence and control them are the size and shape of the room, the contour of the interior surfaces, the nature of the construction and its finish, the amount and kind of furnishings and the size of the audience.

The most common source of trouble is reverberation, more so to-day than formerly, owing to modern fireproof construction. In the technical sense, reverberation signifies the prolongation of a sound by its multiple reflection from surface to surface before its energy is sufficiently absorbed to become inaudible. The period of reverberation is inversely proportional to the absorbing power of the room and directly proportional to its size, since the distance travelled by the sound wave between reflections is greater—the larger the room. Its effect is to prolong every sound and cause an overlapping and blurring which is especially distressing in the case of speech.

The amount of reverberation can be controlled in various ways. As shown above, it decreases with the size and shape of the room. Heavy draperies, carpets, furniture and upholstery are all effective in proportion to their absorbing power. The clothing of the audience is an important factor as it is nearly totally absorptive of sound. Many auditoriums possess serious reverberation when empty but are entirely satisfactory when filled with people.

Besides causing overlapping of syllables with consequent blurring, reverberation also prolongs and intensifies any sounds entering from outside or caused by restlessness on the part of the audience. In offices and banking rooms, the accumulation of sound energy due to the reverberation of noises from typewriters, telephones and other things may cause loss of efficiency on the part of the employees. An astonishing degree of quietness can be produced in all cases by the use of proper absorptive material.

Although reverberation is the most serious and easily recognized acoustical defect, yet other phenomena may be quite as troublesome. Chief among these are echo and interference.

Echo is due to reflection from those surfaces whose contour and arrangement are such as to bring the sound waves to a focus. The image produced by

the reflected waves often appears as a distinct repetition of the original sound. If, however, the direct and reflected waves are not separated, but overlap on reaching the ear, or if the contour of the reflecting surfaces is such as to produce a blurred and not a sharp focus, confusion is created at that point and hearing made difficult. Such defects are purely local in their character and not general throughout the auditorium as in the case of reverberation.

Echo is caused in a large degree by domes, warped areas, the curved backs of seats, and the convexity and concavity of other curved surfaces. It can often be eliminated by care in design. Otherwise, a special form of absorptive treatment becomes necessary.

A frequent source of trouble is to be found in difficulties arising from interference. When a sustained note of constant pitch is produced in a room, the waves reflected from various surfaces meet the oncoming waves in various phase relations, as the waves meet in the same or opposite phases. Such regions may be readily observed in a church by walking about the auditorium while a single note is held on the organ. Such effects as a rule produce little disturbance in speech, but may be very disturbing in the case of music. The remedies are complex and require individual study in every case that arises.

The most common method of producing a sufficient degree of absorption is to place under portions of the wall or ceiling a certain amount of felt. Surfaces that receive this treatment must afterwards be covered and protected with a decorative fabric or membrane. This fabric must be chosen with care in order that it may not too greatly detract from the absorbing power of the felt beneath. A careful study is necessary in all cases to determine the extent and location of those areas best suited to an effective treatment both from an acoustical and architectural standpoint.

An important contribution has recently been made to acoustical science in the development of two patented materials. One is a ceramic tile, and the other an artificial stone. Both produce intercommunicating pores of uniform size which give the maximum sound absorption. They are especially adapted to tile arch construction, and on account of their combination of acoustical, fireproof, and structural qualities, furnish new and useful possibilities in architectural design and construction.

Many more "new and useful possibilities" will some day be invented, and greatly benefit the hearing in auditoriums. With the development of physics, new methods of controlling acoustics will greatly benefit mankind. Will the development along this line in the future be as beneficial as in the past?

THE STORY OF CHOCOLATE

SHIRLEY SKELTON, T3G.

She came out of the shop with the end of the stick in her lips.

"What are you eating?" someone asked her.

"Chocolate," she said, as a little brown rivulet trickled from her lips to her chin.

"What is chocolate?"

She thought for a minute, and then answered with great positiveness:

"Something good to eat."

I suppose there is scarcely a girl or boy living who is not fond of chocolates. Do you know where chocolate comes from? Or how it is made?

We are hearing a great deal about Spain, but few people know that we are largely indebted to the Spaniards for our chocolates. At least the Spaniards were the first white people to use chocolate and to find the secret of its manufacture. When they came over from Europe they found the Mexican natives using a drink made from the ground-up seeds of a fruit from one of their trees. Some of the native Indians in those days used to use the same seeds for money, and in some parts a double handful actually bought a slave. Soon it spread to other parts of Europe and now there are few people in the civilized world who have not drunk chocolate or cocoa or eaten chocolate in some form.

The tree from which our chocolate is obtained is called the Cacao-tree. The fruit grows on short stems on the trunks or branches. When ripe it has a thick, hard, warty skin, inside there is a soft pink or white sweet pulp in which are imbedded from twenty to forty reddish-brown cacao beans. The seeds are about as big as an almond nut. When the shells of these are broken there is found inside a dark brown kernel. This kernel is more than half oil, from this all "chocolate" is manufactured.

When you taste your chocolate you should think of how that beautiful brown fluid on your American tongue was once a little bean tucked in a comfortable pod growing on a little tree thousands of miles away; and how a native, singing a song, came with a long pole, which had a kind of scissors at the end, and nipped off the pod, and left it on the warm earth for a day, and how another native, in a straw hat and striped linen trousers came and split that pod, and took out the very bean you are chewing, put it in a basket and, singing about his children, carried it away to lie in a trench till it was fit to pack in a box, and go aboard a mighty steamer, and make the long journey to be roasted in the factory.

If we had gone to where these beans grow, instead of waiting for the ship to bring it to us, it would have cost you not a penny but about \$250.

As there are many countries now in which the cacao-trees are grown we are not likely to ever have to do without chocolates, chocolate cake and chocolate frostings.

In about June 1657 there appeared this notice in an English newspaper called the "Public Advertiser":

"In Bishopsgate Street,

in Queen's Head Alley,

at a Frenchman's house

is an excellent West Indian drink called Chocolate, to be sold, where you may have it ready at any time, and also unmade, at reasonable rates."

TEXTILE GLASS

EDNA PASS, T3G

Glass for textile application is here but no one seems to be wearing so-called glass dresses, hats or stockings. Maybe it is because there are too many superstitious people in the world who think seven years bad luck would come their way. The time may be distant when glass fabrics will be used widely in clothing, but the research experts need little imagination to vision the time when glass fabric will be available for tablecloths, napkins, and similar items, for wallpaper, draperies, curtains and furnishings.

The discovery of the "fibre glass" process was largely accidental, the by-product of research on milk bottles which involved the use of a blow torch and powdered glass. Rapid progress has since been made in transforming one of the hardest and most brittle of materials into a comparatively soft, lustrous, flexible fabric.

Broken into tiny filaments by steam under great pressure, glass is being assembled into strands, spooled into thread and yarn on modern textile machines, and woven into cloth of pure glass. Such fabric finds its greatest use at this time as an insulating and filtering material.

Glass thread is being woven into rolls of ribbon to insulate electric wires and cables and is provided in spools of thread to wrap individual small wires.

Glass, as everyone knows, does not burn and in textile form, it retains all its other inherent characteristics—stability, high resistance to moisture, acids, salts, and vermin—and is a non-conductor.

For insulating it is now being applied to insulate streamlined passenger trains, aeroplanes, buses, domestic refrigerators and kitchen ranges.

The glass fibre is less than one-twentieth the diameter of human hair but stronger than steel. A twelve-ounce bottle is enough to make a five-thousand mile long single strand.

When textile glass is extensively used for most home furnishings and in hotels, it will greatly reduce fire hazards. I, for one, will be anxious to see and

wear clothing of fiberglass, and the only improvement I could suggest is that the glass fiber should be woven so that we would have mirrors on our dresses.

THE MAGIC THAT LEAVENS BREAD

MILLCENT BAXTER

The distant ancestor of the present day bread or cake was a sun-baked slab of grain and water. There is no apparent family resemblance yet the essential difference is simply the addition of a leavening agent. Bread and cake technique has advanced through the ages as the leavening agents progressed.

As in many important discoveries yeast's first use was probably accidental. Some matron of the dim past who didn't like dish washing may have very well revealed the secret of leavening to the world. Perhaps she didn't wash her grain and water vessel very well. A stray yeast cell, lodged in the scraping may have developed in the next moist mixing. As a result her loaves would grow magically and be the talk of the neighbours. She would make more with the same magic dough and, of course, it would give the same effect. Leavened bread would then come into use.

To-day the basis of bread making is the same—a system of providing the housewife or baker with yeast cells in a grain mixture—though both process and product are highly developed and modern yeast manufacturing with exact standards is an exceedingly complex procedure.

Between the introduction of yeast into the home and the perfection of baking powder is an interim of several civilizations. In 1855 *The Practical American Cook Book*, published news of a portable yeast, and the yeast powders soon became the talk of the ladies of the land. These yeast powders were related in name and effect to the baking powder of to-day, although their composition was different.

The introduction of baking powder didn't come about at once. Pearl-ash dissolved in vinegar was tried and this was followed by the use of sour milk and bicarbonate of soda. Then a combination of cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda was used, and in the correct proportions, the result would be a delicate cake with a fine texture. But since neither proportions nor blend could always be uniformly correct, good cake and bread was a matter of uncertainty. When scientific control entered into baking powder manufacture uncertainty began to leave the kitchen. The task of perfecting a baking powder was a matter for chemists.

Moisture is the agent which sets the baking powder to work. Invariably, the effect is achieved by starting the proper acid action on the bicarbonate of soda, freeing a flow of carbon-dioxide bubbles. It

is necessary, however, that baking powder remain entirely inactive until the proper moment for its use, and therefore it is essential that the basic ingredients be entirely free from moisture.

The process of manufacturing baking powder is a long one but a great deal of scientific research work has been carried out so that present day housewives may have enhanced reputations as bakers of excellent cakes.

PAPER—ITS HISTORY AND HOW IT IS MADE

JACK BURKHOLDER

In the earliest times, it was realized that the information of the world must be preserved if true progress was to be made. Otherwise, each generation would have to learn for itself. At first, primitive man used tablets, and engraved upon them pictures or signs of what he wished to preserve. In the Egyptian era, pyramids and slabs of stone took the place of the ruder tablets. Later, clay was used for making tablets, and great libraries were even formed which gave us the history of the Chaldeans and Babylonians. As time advanced, other materials were introduced such as plates of metal, skins, ivory, wood and wax.

It was Egypt that gave us the forerunner of paper. It was made from a water plant that grew in the Nile. From the pith of its stems there was made a sheet material which, although it little resembled our paper of to-day, was at least the pioneer of paper. Books were made from this material, and in them a large amount of the history and literature of the time was preserved. The Chinese, about the same time, were learning to make paper from rice and silk. The first rival of the Egyptian papyrus was parchment, prepared from the skins of sheep and goats. It grew in favour, owing to the partial exhaustion of papyrus beds in the Nile, and because the Egyptians wanted to hold a monopoly. To do this the Egyptians raised prices beyond all reason. The next step forward was the invention of paper as we have it to-day.

The first paper mill in America was established at Germantown, Pennsylvania in 1690. During the early history of paper making, rags were the only material used. The scarcity of rags was so great that the mills had to continually appeal for them by advertisements, and as paper mills grew numerous, the scarcity of materials caused much inconvenience.

Before our modern processes of paper making were invented, the production was much more expensive and slower. Everything was done by hand, and it took three men a day to finish 4,000 small sheets of paper while, from the beginning to the end,

the process required about three months. It is a striking contrast to the conditions now prevalent when paper can be made from trees within twenty-four hours.

The better and more expensive paper is still made from rags, gathered and shipped from all parts of the country. China is one of the most important of the rag markets. The rags come to the factories in all kinds of filth and the processes of sorting and cleaning are of the utmost importance. For the making of paper money, only new rags are used fresh from the mill or from garment factories where trimmings are saved for the purpose.

When the sorting and cleaning is done, the rags are chopped into small pieces, boiled for a day under steam pressure and finally treated with chemicals to bleach and insure cleanliness of the resulting pulp. From this process, the dirty rags of the street come forth a mass as white as milk. The pulp is drained and dried, and finally passed through a great machine which converts it into paper itself. By the flow of pure water, the liquid pulp is spread evenly over a wire cloth into a sort of web of damp paper which is delivered on an endless belt of moist felt. Successive squeezings and scrapings dry the paper, smooth it and give it strength. From this point, the additional processes are merely those for finishing different grades of material. The surfaces are given a gloss or polish, or a rough finish, according to the purpose for which it is to be used.

The great bulk of paper used in books, magazines and newspapers comes from wood pulp, the latest development in modern paper manufacturing. Wood pulp is treated almost the same as the rag pulp. When the logs are cut in the forests, the bark is stripped from them and they are sent to the factory. Here they are sawed and split into small blocks after which they are ground to a powder which becomes a pulp when diluted with water. This pulp, chemically treated to bleach it and to remove all foreign matter, then passes through stages similar to those through which rags must pass.

All of the paper from which our greenbacks and bank notes are made comes from one mill. These papers are made from the finest new clean linen rags. There is a special attachment on the machine by which the silk threads always seen in our paper money are introduced. It is forbidden to make such paper for private use under the same penalties that apply to counterfeiting.

Paper fills an important place in many mechanical arts and there are many special types of paper which have important uses. Paper made with a quantity of asbestos fibre is used for fireproof purposes; tar paper is used for covering roofs and lining walls; car-

bon paper, transparent paper and stencil paper are but developments of the ordinary paper products. Sand and emery paper are prepared by coating a sheet of paper with glue and then sprinkling sand or emery dust upon the surface.

WEATHER AND SUNSPOTS

HILDA ROOT

To-day the old saying by Mark Twain that "the weather is something that everybody talks about but nobody does anything about", no longer holds true. To this fact, we attribute aviation; for it was the aviators of the world that first demanded accurate weather predictions. There is at every airport today a weather station which must be able to accurately foretell the weather.

This has led other concerns to study the weather more thoroughly. The weather bureau attempts forecasting weather a week in advance. Every day aeroplanes make flights into the upper atmosphere to investigate conditions of the earth. Thousands of dollars are being spent to secure definite information. Lately business and transportation lines would like to know the weather a year in advance in order to judge their demands accordingly.

Sunspots have been studied, as it is believed that there is a definite relationship in their cycle and the weather cycle. This association, however, is very complicated or else it would have been found before now. So far, it appears that the temperature of the world as a whole is slightly higher when there are fewer sunspots.

All weather conditions are produced by the sun. It shines over tropical regions heating the air there and causing it to rise. It is replaced by the colder air from the North. These air currents travelling towards the equator change into whirlpools and eddies due to the rotation of the earth. It is these currents that form our storms, winds and variable weather. Therefore, to form a relationship with sunspots, the distribution of weather throughout the world must be considered.

A person who has become noted in this type of work is H. Helm Clayton. He has spent a lifetime at it and has been successful in long range forecasting. He has shown definite relations between temperatures and sunspots over definite areas of the globe and why many investigators have failed to find such a relationship. Clayton has found that pressures see-saw from one region to another depending on sunspots. In the temperate and equatorial regions, the temperature is higher when there are few sunspots but in dry sub-tropical regions, the temperature is higher when there are more sunspots.

This leads to the fact that many sunspots produce more snow and icebergs.

Clayton has mapped the world regions which react the same at sunspot maximum and minimum. If one part of the world has few rainfalls when there are few sunspots, it is compensated by another region of the world which has large rainfalls with few sunspots. This has also been proven by Professor Kullmer of Syracuse University.

The sunspot cycle covers a period of twenty-three years. This makes weather variations all the more complicated as it takes twenty-three years to compare the reaction of weather to sunspots at times when the solar cycle is the same. With further experimenting by Dr. Abbot, it appears that there is a certain maximum for sunspots for normal weather conditions. If sunspots are less than this amount, we get one effect. Whereas if they are more than this amount, the opposite effect results.

According to the sunspot cycle, Dr. Abbott has concluded that the period of drought which the United States has lately experienced will no return again until 1976. More difficulty arises however when it is found that sunspot maximum and sunspot minimum do not occur regularly but at varying times. Guessing at the years of sunspot peak would be as thrilling as gambling at any horse race.

Coming back to Clayton, we find that he has used other experimenters' results and forecasted a table of years when there will be many and few sunspots from 1910 to 1950. Up until today, these results have been correct. He has also attempted temperature forecasts in New England up until 1940. These have proved more accurate than any that have yet been made.

Thus we see the scientists have been doing a noble work in trying to forecast our weather for us. It appears that future investigators will bring to light more support for the sunspot theory and soon we will be depending fully on it.

DISCOVERY OF RADIUM

ROY SANTSCHÉ, T4

Radium! Forty years ago that word would have meant nothing. Today, it is the magic cry that may arise from the burning sands of Colorado, from the stagnant lands of the Belgian Congo or from the frozen shores of Northern Canada. Today, it comes laden with meaning, for it conjures up in the minds of bed-ridden cancer victims a glimmer of hope for a new lease on life that no other word can give.

Of all the substances known to man, radium is the most costly and precious. Gold? Gold fades in insignificance by comparison. Gold is worth thirty-five dollars an ounce, while radium, if it were pos-

sible to buy an ounce, would cost almost one million five hundred thousand dollars.

In the year 1896, Antoine Henri Bacquel missed the opportunity of receiving a page in posterity's biography because he was too busy with other things to become the discoverer of radium.

We find Antoine going about his duties at the Ecole Municipale and we watch him as he unthinkingly lays a piece of uranium ore in a drawer of his laboratory table directly over a sensitized photographic plate. He shuts the drawer and turns his attention to another experiment on phosphorescence which he must complete. Two weeks pass by and Bacquerel searches for that sensitized plate, thrusting the ore aside as he passed the plate over to his assistant to be developed. The next morning, his assistant is apologetic. The greatest care has been taken in developing the plate and yet it showed a blotch of light in the centre. Had Bacquerel been less familiar with photography, his assistant might have been severely reprimanded for carelessness and a great discovery lost to the world for many years. But Becquerel knew that plates are sometimes "light-struck" around the edges, due to a lack in the camera, but "light-struck" in the centre alone—never! The uranium ore was giving off invisible rays.

Bacquerel knew enough about metallurgy to realize at once that the search for that hidden element would be a time-consuming task. He must find someone else to carry on that work so that he would not be distracted from his other duties. And that brings us to the story of a 17-year-old Polish girl, Marie Sklodowska whom we find hard at work in her cousin's chemical laboratory.

Two things burned constantly in this young girl's soul. One was chemistry. The other was the sad plight of her fatherland under the Cossack's whip. During the winter of 1891, at the age of 24, Marie fled in haste from Warsaw to Paris, which was then, as now, a haven for the political exile. It is here that her real story begins.

In 1894 she met the reticent, studious, Pierre Currie at the home of a mutual friend. It was not long before this shy physicist wrote to Marie that "it would be a lovely thing to pass through life together, hypnotized in our dreams, your dream for your country, our dream for science. Together we can serve humanity." They married.

Becquerel selected Marie Currie to undertake the arduous research necessary to discover the unknown element. Marie talked it over with Pierre. From Austria, they secured a ton of pitchblende. In a shed, they then began the work of refining, of boiling, of testing, gnawing away, bit by bit, each known element of that stack of ore, looking for a needle in a

hay stack without knowing what the needle was.

They worked from early hours of the morning until far into the night, taking turns in cooking the ore and checking the results. So much attention to cooking the ore and so little to cooking victuals soon took its own toll. Marie went down with pneumonia and Pierre carried on until she recovered.

A year went by and the ton of ore dwindled to a hundred pounds. Again Marie fell ill, and Pierre worn out by his labours in the home and in the laboratory was ready to call a halt. No one would help them in their mad search for a product that might well prove to be a will-o'-the-wisp.

Again they went on with their boiling. Now they had reduced the pile of pitchblende to a handful of Bismuth salts which showed great activity. They kept on and Marie finally isolated a few crystals of radium salts.

Then came five more years of research before Marie presented her epoch-making thesis on radium and its discovery to the examining committee of the university as a modest condition for her degree. Then happened an event that would gladden the heart of any college senior. The news rang throughout the world! A woman had discovered a potent substance called radium, that killed mice, shone in the dark, emitted 250,000 times as much heat as an equal amount of coal, produced sores on skin, sterilized suds, and killed microbes. Here was news that was news!

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Burning coal has given off 180,000,000,000 tons of carbon dioxide gas into the atmosphere during the last fifty years.

Only four of twelve thousand known kinds of bees gather honey.

Bees employ twenty-two different muscles when they sting.

Snakes which are born inside eggs are given a temporary tooth with which to pierce the shell.

Fly paper in blue and red, instead of the customary yellow, is being tried out. The new paper contains blocks without any sticky substance. These blocks are criss-crossed by paths of rough paper, which lead towards sections that are treated with the adhesive. The new change is based on the knowledge that flies are attracted by certain colours including blue and red and that they prefer to walk on rough, rather than smooth surfaces.

Medicines made from drug plants are affected by the time of day at which the plants are gathered.

Skin from an average man's body would make a sheet five and a half feet square.

THE COLLEGIATE

THE STORY OF GLASS

C. WAREHAM

Before the time of written records, more than five thousands years ago, man knew the art of making glass. (Glass crude and imperfect to be sure, but nevertheless the real product). Its origin is lost in antiquity. Nobody can truly say when and where it was born.

A frequently accepted version is that of Pliny. Phoenician sailors who had landed near the mouth of the Syrian river Belus, used cakes of nitre from their cargo to support their cauldrons when cooking a meal, as no suitable stones could be found on that sandy floor. To their amazement they found that the niter and sand fused together to form an odd transparent substance.

The oldest known specimens of glass came from the banks of the Nile; here the sand and the alkalis from the adjacent desert furnished an abundance of required ingredients. Coloured beads and amulets dating back to the fourth millenium B.C. have been found in Egyptian tombs. Hollow vessels appeared about 1500 B.C. These were not blown but shaped by hand from a viscous glass paste, frequently around a core of sand.

The glass of to-day is vastly different from that of the Venetians. Whereas the Venetians strove for

colour and beauty we of to-day strive for strength and safety. Safety glass is extensively used in automobiles and consists of two or more sheets of glass sandwiched together with a transparent plastic bond. Another type of safety glass is called Armour-plate or Securite. This is made by suddenly quenching plates of glass from a temperature above its annealing point, a process which leaves the surface layers in a state of compression. Glass thus "case hardened" is very strong, so strong in fact that sheets have been used for diving-boards. If stressed beyond the limit of endurance it will not break into sharp splinters, but fall into small rounded particles which are not sharp and angular and which cannot cause injury.

Glass appears to be a most adaptable building material and architects are awakening to the fact that it may have a great future as a structural medium. It has gained considerable use in this field in Europe and is gradually being introduced in the United States as well. Glass bricks have excellent heat and sound insulating properties, are easy to clean, do not absorb moisture, cannot burn, and are not attacked by vermin, chemicals, or corrosive gases. Although not transparent, glass bricks pass a pleasant diffused light and they offer interesting possibilities for the modern architect.

A PLASTIC IS BORN

C. FINLAY, 5B

Plastics, those colorful synthetic compounds that have invaded so many fields of industry, are made in many ways, from many ingredients. One of them, Catalin, is chemically born of a mixture of a clear liquid and a gas captivated in water-phenol, a derivative of coal and formaldehyde, a derivative of wood alcohol, which is derived from such sources as wood pulp, corn stalks and even hay. The liquids are mixed in a battery of nickel-lined kettles where the compound is cooked at a low temperature until it reaches the consistency and color of honey. These kettles each hold three thousand pounds of liquid resin.

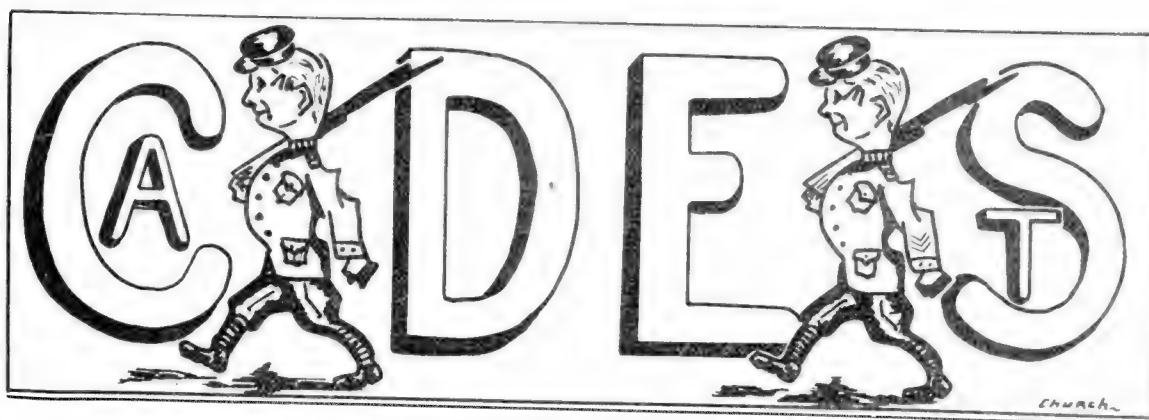
While the mixture is cooking, the color chemist prepares the required bath of coloring material of the desired shade. By proper control at this point, the finished plastic may be produced in colours ranging from water-white, resembling glass, to pastels, vivid hues, black or white.

Just before the cooked mixture is to be drawn off from the kettles, a carefully measured amount of

coloring material is added and thoroughly agitated, to assure uniformity of color throughout the material. So accurate is this stage of the production that the exact shade of a certain color may be reproduced at any time required, even years later.

Now the cooked and colored plastic is drawn off from the bottom of the kettle into ladles from which it is transferred to lead molds, where it is formed into rods, cylinders, and other regular or irregular shapes. The pour must be made in small batches, as the cooked Catalin begins to harden and set quickly. The filled molds are placed in low temperature curing ovens for a period of about fifty hours. This treatment makes the finished product less brittle and preserves the colors of the delicate dyes.

It is frequently desired to produce a bath of plastic in which two or more color combinations are blended in irregular mottled patterns. This effect is obtained by an intermediate process after the thick liquid is withdrawn from the kettles and before it is cast. The effect is accomplished by skilfully blending the colors.



Editor—W. HUMPHRIES

CADET INSPECTION 1937

For the first time in recent years, a church parade of the Cadet Corps of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School was held on Sunday, May 16, 1937. The Corps marched from the school to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church by way of Wellington and Christina Sts. and it returned to the school by way of George Street and College Avenue.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, 19th of May, the Annual Inspection was held. The weather was ideal, sunny but not too hot. The boys dressed in blue trousers and white shirts, the N. C. O.'s in full blue uniforms and the officers in blue tunics and white trousers made quite a spectacle.

The boys fell in at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon and following the usual custom, a Route March was held down town and back again. The cadets marched, 350 strong, led by the excellent School Band under the able leadership of Mr. W. F. Brush. The salute was taken in front of the City Hall by Col. Milne.

On the return of the cadets to the school campus, the general salute was given followed by the March Past. Captain H. W. Foster, G.S.O., Military District No. 3 inspected the troops at 2 o'clock. Features of the inspection were the Company and Platoon Drill, Signalling and First Aid demonstrations, the Physical Training exhibition, the Gymnastic Display and addresses and presentations to the Cadet Officers and Marksmen.

As the result of their faithful hard work the Corps placed in the district in general efficiency and also placed in Physical Training.

Marksmanship awards were as follows:

Gold Medal—J. Smith.

Silver Medal—E. Powell, R. Railey, B. Southcombe.

Bronze Medal—J. Mackenzie, W. Humphrey, A.

Dallier, A. Hamilton, G. Link, E. Kent, J. Hallam, G. Mott, S. Stokes, A. Rowell, D. Scott, H. Dickerson, D. Aiken, T. Fox, M. O'Loughlin, J. Newton, K. Rooney and F. Stirrett.

OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s

Btn. O.C. Cadet Major—N. Darrach.

Adjutant Cadet Captain—A. Lott.

Quartermaster Cadet Lieut.—T. Elliot.

N. C. O. R. S. M.—G. Simpson.

A COMPANY

Cadet Captain—C. Peterson.

Cadet Lieut.—H. Griffiths.

Cadet Lieut.—G. Ingersoll.

Cadet Lieut.—R. Milner.

Cadet Lieut.—N. Brown.

C. S. M.—E. Chivers.

Quartermaster Sergt.—W. Humphrey.

Sergt.—F. Daws.

Sergt.—J. Smith.

Sergt.—J. Doohan.

Band Cadet Lieut.—D. Greason.

Signallers Cadet Lieut.—E. Myles.

B COMPANY

Cadet Captain—L. Galloway.

Cadet Lieut.—J. Mainwaring.

Cadet Lieut.—O. Moore.

Cadet Lieut.—L. Allen.

C. S. M.—I. Zieller.

Quartermaster Sergt.—W. Chong.

Sergt.—D. Dyble.

Sergt.—D. Burk.

Sergt.—R. Lyford.

Sergt.—J. Kirk.

B. H. Q.

Orderly Sergt.—J. Stronach.

Orderlies—W. Blake, W. Kirk, B. Gillson.

THE COLLEGIATE



FIRST AID TEAMS

Back Row (Seniors): D. Greason, L. Aiken, M. Phibbs, J. Ramsden, M. Taylor.
Front Row (Juniors): J. Oliver, K. Plummer, R. Heller, J. Gibb, J. Miller.

FIRST AID

One of the most useful and most practical activities of the school is First Aid. This training is acquired out of regular school hours and a boy can only become a good efficient First Aider through real work and effort. However, the main factor in First Aid or any other activity is fine leadership, and in Mr. Louis Crockett the boys have an A-1 leader.

The senior team consisting of M. Phibbs (Capt.), L. Aiken, J. Ramsden, M. Taylor and D. Greason was fourth in the District, six points behind Ingersoll Collegiate which was first. The Junior team won their competition with 417 points. For this each member of the team will receive a silver medal and a St. John Ambulance Association Trophy will be received by the corps for the year. The team consisted of (Capt.) J. Oliver, K. Plummer, J. Gibb, J. Millar, R. Heller and L. Goring.

SIGNALLING

In the Mayer Cup Competitions this year the team again placed third. This activity is also carried on out of school hours and the boys must be given credit for their hard work and splendid showing. Mr. Ritchie also is to be congratulated for the work and time he spent with the team. Good leadership is the main source of success in any team play and Mr. Ritchie was on the job all the time. The members of the team includes:

E. Myles (Capt.)	G. White	M. Taylor
L. Marwood	W. Williams	M. Ritchie
R. Clarke	D. Rutherford	A. Lawson
B. Hollands	B. Kerr	W. Knowles
J. Andrew	J. Clarke	G. Smith
O. Hodgins	W. Ford	E. Banks



SIGNALLING TEAM

Back Row: A. Lawson, L. Marwood, G. Andrews, E. Miles, R. Clark, C. Finlay, D. Knowles.
Front Row: D. Hodgins, G. Smith, Mr. Ritchie (in tractor), D. Rutherford, E. Banks.

SHOOTING

In the winter competition of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association, the rifle teams of the school were very successful. Both the Senior and Junior teams won special certificates for having made scores of over 90% for Seniors and over 85% for Juniors.

Members of the teams making over their averages received Second Class D. C. R. A. medals. The Special Gold Medal for the highest aggregate score was won by J. Smith. E. Powell tied Smith for first place but lost out in the shoot off. He received however, a First Class Silver Medal, as did R. Dailey and B. Southcombe, who was high man among the Juniors. Second Class Bronze Medals were won by: J. MacKenzie, W. Humphrey, A. Dallier, A. Hamilton, G. Link, E. Kent, J. Hallam, G. Mott, S. Stokes, A. Rowell, D. Scott, H. Dickerson, D. Aiken, M. O'Loughlin, J. Newton, K. Rooney, T. Fox and F. Stirrett. The Strathcona Silver Medal for best shot in the school was won by E. Powell. Tied, one point

behind Powell were J. Smith and W. Humphrey.

In a special Dominion Markemen competition the following team won the Fraser Shield for first place in the District: W. Humphrey, B. Southcombe, J. Smith, J. MacKenzie and R. Dailey.

In the annual D. C. R. A. competition at the Cennought Ranges, Ottawa in August the following team represented the School: J. Smith, W. Humphrey, J. MacKenzie, R. Dailey and B. Southcombe. The team made an excellent showing both as a team and individually. The team won the Colonel White Memorial Clock for the second successive year and brought back as well liberal cash prizes and medals.

Walker Humphrey was especially successful, tying for first in the Open Match and winning the Lord Wakefield Trophy with the highest aggregate score of the cadets at the meet. J. Smith tied for second place with J. Boa of Montreal, one point behind Humphrey.



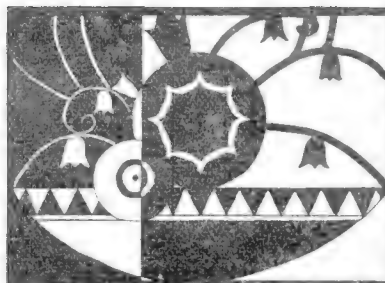
RIFLE TEAM

Back Row: J. Newton, D. Cook, P. Hockins, J. Hallam, O. Walker, E. Banks, R. Blanchard.
 Centre Row: E. Ehman, J. Huntley, R. Heller, F. Stirrett, A. Rowell, D. Asbury, J. Ehman, J. Clark.
 Front Row: K. Langan, J. Smith, W. Humphrey, Mr. A. R. Mendezabal (instructor), J. Mackenzie,
 B. Southcombe, A. Dallier, G. Mott.

DATE BUREAU

When you're lonesome why not try some of these telephone numbers?

3221-WFour feet of big words.
 349He's good in a pinch.
 878-J She's a wow!
 1064100 Girls and a Boy.
 2218-M Cute, dark and prim.
 223She's got what it takes!
 2943-J She's blonde and a honey!
 1377 This will interest you—Bill and Ed.
 1211-WTall, dark and handsome.
 2261-JHe's always open to suggestions.
 1383A classic blonde!!
 1379-WShe's an armful!





Mr. Editor:

This year the S.C.I. & T.S. is on the staggered system. Perhaps one of its greatest drawbacks is the long space between breakfast and dinner, that is, for the students going from 8:20 till 12:05. By eleven o'clock we are nearly famished and are unable to work properly (according to one of our eminent teachers). To remedy this I suggest that the Boys' Athletic Executive, who need money badly, should undertake to appease the hunger of the student body. They would only have to find out how many wanted a little lunch and then get a sufficient supply of milk and sell it by the half pint (1 half pint costs 3 cents, so they could sell it for four cents). The students could drink this in a ten or fifteen minute interval around eleven o'clock. Perhaps there could be two stands, complete with cows, on each floor for selling the milk or else it could be distributed to the various classes by leading the cows around to the pupils. Think this over very carefully.

R. U. HUNGRY.

(This little idea would perhaps keep our budding biologists from gazing so longingly at the tempting frogs legs exhibited by Mr. Treitz during his daily lectures from 11 until 11:30 o'clock in the morning.)

Dear Editors:

We, the Commercial and Technical girls and boys wonder why the school magazine is for the collegiate pupils only. Do we not belong to the school too?

Unjustly Treated Ones.

(Evidently these pupils were sleeping when we announced two new sections for commercial and technical students. We would like to suggest also that these students attend the magazine meeting and show more interest. Let us make it our magazine!)

Dear Editors:

I would like to suggest that modern dancing be taught during lunch hours or else be a part of our school curriculum. As it is, we have to learn how to dance, outside of school. We could dance in the halls.

We have modernized our schools, our language, our methods of teachings and other things. Why can't we modernize our dancing and be taught the Big Apple?

A Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers Aspirant.

(Can't you just picture us Trucking or Big Appleing down the halls during lunch time!)

Dear Editors:

What is the matter with the girls of this school? Are we weak, lazy or disinterested? Please tell me which it is, as I have often wondered.

We have almost 600 girls attending the S.C.I. & T.S. Petrolia High School has almost one quarter of that number but it has Girls' Wossa Basketball teams. We have not. What is the matter?

Basketball is an enjoyable game to watch and to play. Playing other schools strengthens sportsmanship.

Why can't we have a Girls' Wossa Basketball team for the girls of the S.C.I. & T.S.?

An Interested Student.

(We certainly should have one. Wake up, girls, and start a campaign for a Wossa Basketball team! Don't let the boys have everything!)

Dear Editor:

This school should have a Drama and Glee Club. Acting trains a student to express himself in a natural way. Singing improves a student's speaking voice, strengthens his vocal cords, improves his stam-

THE COLLEGIATE

ina and general health. True, the memory work of a play seems to be difficult but when an actor grasps the atmosphere of his part, the memory work becomes part of the fun. The self-confidence, poise and general deportment gained by either singing or acting before an audience is invaluable to a student. Such gifts as the above mentioned will last him a life-time.

K. R.

(We certainly agree with you! Let's hope that we may have a Drama and Glee Club in the future.)

Dear Editors:

This is an appeal to the public. I have a weighty problem to solve and I would appreciate any information which would lead to its solution.

It is a question of evolution. If any one could prove to me that man either ascended from apes or descended from angels, I would be relieved of the great mental struggle. This question was brought to my observation by a pedagogue. In the hope of obtaining fame for solving this question, I eagerly await help from you, Dear Reader.

From an Ape or an Angel.

(Perhaps if the student consulted Parker and Haswald or the Burgess Bedtime Stories, he might arrive at his destination.)

Students:

The S. C. I. & T. S. is undoubtedly one of the best Collegiates in this part of the Dominion but unfortunately we have no Students' Council. It seems to me that our school spirit is decidedly lacking and a good Students' Council would be just the thing to encourage the student body to support the various activities of the school.

At a recent debate in London our envoys were very kindly treated and shown around the London Central Collegiate by the President of their Students' Council, who made his visitors feel very welcome and glad to come to a school where nerve-twitching formalities were done away with and where a feeling of goodwill prevailed.

At a Students' Council meeting many of the school activities are discussed and all the representatives are allowed to present their own opinions. This does not mean that the Boys' and Girls' Athletic Executives would be done away with. On the contrary, they would be retained; but the Students' Council would be a general consultant for all activities. When a special activity was proposed which needed support from every source, the Students' Council could get busy and solicit help from the school as a whole.

Students of the S. C. I. & T. S., please think this suggestion over and if there is ever a chance of our having a "Students' Council"—for your own benefit, give it your support.

M. V.

(There is no reason why the S. C. I. should not have a Students' Council. Seniors, why not get going?)

Dear Editor:

I'd like to complain about the unfair attitude of our boy debaters toward their weaker (?) colleagues. First, they forcibly ejected them from the Debating Club, merely because they were not men enough to admit that the girls were better debaters. Not satisfied with this they now would have the public believe that the girls were begging to come back. The girls wouldn't come back even if they begged them on bended knees.

Why don't the boys wake up and realize how stupid they are acting?

Debater-ess.

(Perhaps Myles Vokes and Ted Galpin have been having pipe dreams again. Anyway, the shield the girls' brought back to the S.C.I. this year will show the boys something.)

Dear Editor:

These is a plan that can, if properly worked, fill our treasury with money and shorten the gap between seniors and juniors. The idea is to hold tea dances each Friday. We have had a few of them and they have been reasonably successful. Although they have been enjoyed by all, they have not been continued.

I. Z.

(The idea is very good but might soon fizzle out. It would be better to hold one each month.)

Dear Editor:

Wouldn't it be nice if we had writing paper with the school emblem on it? It could sell for one or two cents a sheet. Also the skull caps the girls are wearing now could be made in the school colours with a small 'S' on the band. They could be sold for 25c or 35c.

Why not get busy and make money for the school? Is this not a good way?

A busy money-maker.

H.O.P.E.

(Perhaps the Boys' and Girls' Athletic Executive could use this idea.)

Dear Editors:

May I ask what has happened to the Literary Societys of the school? There is now but one Literary Society—the Boys' Debating Club. Four years ago there was an excellent Public Speaking and Debating Club. Now we have to beg pupils to enter the club. Surely there are students in the school now, just as clever as the old leaders of the club. Is there not some remedy to make the Debating Club more attractive to all?

Four years ago there was also a Junior Literary Society but since then it has heard its funeral knell rung. This society was one of the most interesting clubs in the school. I shall never forget seeing Helen Heller riding on her hobby-horse, or Jim McKegney and Mary Francis Madden as Henry VIII and Katherine. Now we have neither Senior nor Junior Literary Societys!

What has happened to our Dramatic Society? Up until last year we always had a play annually but last year we did not have a play. I ask you, Reader, "Did you not enjoy "Little Women" and "Robin Hood"?"

There is something wrong with the students of this school! They need a tonic! Get out that barrel of sulphur and molasses, doctor Editor, and give all these half-dead students a big dose!

A Wide-Awake Student.

(Sulphur and molasses might be just what we need! We'll have Mr. Asbury give everybody a dose some day. Are you willing to take your dose?)

DEAR EDITOR:

The other day, when I was struggling through "The Blue Book of Fairy Tales," I felt a pang of envy for those brave knights of old who championed the cause of right. Somehow my mind flashed to a certain dapper sleuth, Mr. A., on our teaching staff. I thought of all the trouble and abuse heaped upon the modern Major Hoople with his tales of used-to-was's, and so, taking my courage in one hand, I resolved to use the other to write a letter championing this super-sleuth.

In this case, Mr. A. has been complaining all year of the perfectly beastly noises prevalent around this

school. For some queer reason, I have observed the majority of students laughing at his complaints, only a few sympathetic to his aims. The disturbances most in evidence are listed on our sleuth's crime card as A, B, C and D.

Item "A" consists of such minor irritations of the body which cause a student to cough, sneeze or blow his nose while some other is answering a question. Item "B" is made up of the periodical bangings on the radiator, which, I regret to say, have no semblance of rhythm at all.

Then comes item "C," consisting of strange rushing noises from the apartment next door to his Bureau of Investigation, Room 311. And lastly item "D" under which are classified all surplus and unnecessary noises such as banging doors, steel-shod heels, the dropping of articles and other et ceteras.

I really think Mr. A. is justified in his abortive pleas. Why can't this school be made more fit for work by the expulsion of these noises? Why couldn't all the students and teachers of S. C. I. be organized under such a capable leader as Mr. A. in a great "Crusade Against Noise?"

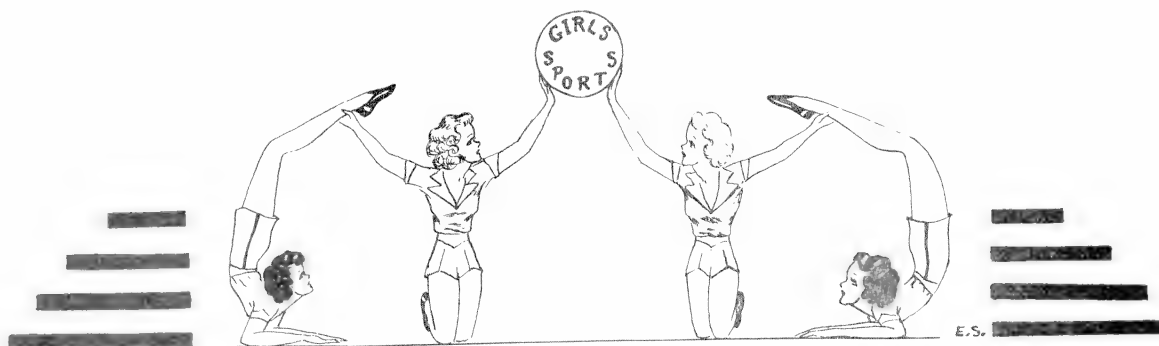
A. SCREWLOOSE.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have heard rumours about the school as regards a weekly dance at the school, or perhaps every two weeks. I think it would be a good idea. But think of the cost. An orchestra such as Kennedy or Thorner would cost a great deal of money, \$35 or \$40 at the least. Now across the river the other day I came across a portable Victrola, with all the latest and most modern conveniences. The total price was \$20. With a few extra dollars, a good supply of modern records could be purchased, and we would be all set to have a dance anytime. If anyone thinks such music wouldn't be appreciated or worth while, he couldn't have been at that dance held after a recent basketball game. There was a great crowd there, attracted by the promise of a dance afterwards, and each one enjoyed himself immensely. There is no reason why we couldn't have some more dances like this. Why don't the Athletic Executive use this suggestion?

FRED ASTAIRCASE.





Editor—W. DURNFORD

GIRLS' SPORTS

Although our athletic activities of this year are not yet concluded, success has crowned the efforts of the girls so far. The amount of enthusiasm displayed by our student body has been outstanding and we hope that our interform events will continue to encourage the girls to participate in athletic activities.

Our instructress, Miss Ramsden, who was abroad last term has come back to us with great enthusiasm for the method of teaching gymnastics used by Miss Ele Bjorhsten of Helsingfors University, Finland. Miss Bald, who substituted in the gym during Miss Ramsden's absence is with us again. We gladly welcome them both back.

Lately some letters were received from graduates of our school who took an active part in P. T. work. These letters show that our efforts to get as many as possible interested in taking part in the various activities sponsored by the G. A. A. are valued by these girls who have gone on to higher educational institutions.

Sombra, Ontario.

Girls' Sport Editor:

Since you are the editor of this column, I know that you are deeply interested in sports. For this reason, I feel that you are very fortunate to be attending the Sarnia Collegiate. It is an unusual school, not only because of the exceptionally well-equipped gym, but also because of the interest which is shown in girls' sports.

While taking the Health Education course at Wayne University, I came to realize just how valuable was the training which I had received in the different sports and how much time and effort must have been spent in preparing these activities for, and present them to the students.

Yours sincerely,

EMMA HARGROVE.

Wallingford Hall,
McMaster University,
Hamilton, Ontario.

Dear Editor:

I was happy to hear that once again you are working on the publication of the "Collegiate." Some of the most pleasant of my high school memories centre around the subject, Girls' Sports.

Not only because of memories, however, do we appreciate the athletic program, organized by an efficient teacher, more important by far is the benefit received by our bodies. No education, I believe, is complete that deals with the brain to the exclusion of the body.

Those of us who were able to participate in the games after four o'clock were doubly fortunate while those of us whose other duties made it impossible were all the more appreciative of the regular classes.

The physical education at the S. C. I. was as beneficial as it was enjoyable. Wishing it well in the future, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

DONNA CLEMENTS.

PROFICIENCY CRESTS

At the Annual Assembly many girls who had done good work during the year were recipients of the crests awarded for proficiency in gym work each year. These were:

Irene Barwise, Jean Carlton, Iris Deem, Beatrice Dennis, Winifred Elnor, Frances Guess, Josie Jacques, Lucille Janus, Frances Lessard, Brona Levancyitch, Marian Lumby, Edith MacDonald, Marion MacKinlay, Nora MacNamara, Betty Pontefract, Ina Resbrugh, Margaret Simmons, Jean Stedwell, Margaret Wanless, Elaine Ward.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Back Row: I. Mendizabal, K. Glynn, A. Paton, H. Heller, E. Lyford, M. VanHorne, B. Kane.
 Front Row: E. Kee, J. Walker, Miss Ramsden, W. Durnford, Miss Bald, B. Dennis, F. Guess.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Honorary Presidents—Mr. Asbury, Miss Ramsden, Miss Bald.

President—Winifred Durnford.

Vice-President—Isabel Mendizabal.

Secretary—Helen Heller.

Treasurer—Marjorie Van Horne.

The executive is made up, as in past years, of the officers and curators of the girls of the school. On account of the staggered system a mass meeting of the girls could not be arranged. As a result the officers were elected by representatives, and the cura-

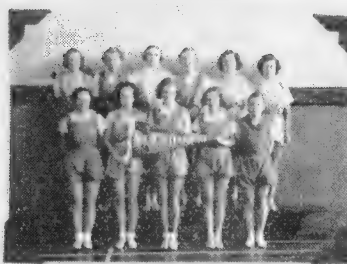
tors by representative curators from the various forms. This group meets every month.

The executive has been very busy this year planning and running off tournaments in the various sports. Each tournament was followed by a party for the teams which came first, second or third. The last party was in the form of a badminton tournament between the teachers and the students. This was followed by folk dancing which was made even more enjoyable when Mr. Southcombe donned an apron and joined in the "Sicilian Circle." All these parties were well-attended and well appreciated by the girls.

THE COLLEGIATE



INT. TRACK & FIELD
COM-2A



SR. TRACK & FIELD
COLL-5



INT. BADMINTON
TECH-2



SR. BADMINTON - COM-3

GIRLS'
INTERFORM
GAMES



SPEEDBALL - COM-3

1937



SPEEDBALL 1-14

1938

INT. SPEEDBALL - COLL2A



JR. TRACK & FIELD - 1-13



JR. DECK TENNIS - 1-10



TRACK AND FIELD

Once again our Field Day was a success. Our interform events took place in the morning with girls taking part.

A combined team from 5A and 5B won the Senior championship while 4C came second and 3C third.

The Intermediate championship was won by C2A with 2C and 2E coming second and third.

In the Junior division the championship was won by 1-13, second place was won by 1-12 and 1-18 and 1-14 for third place.

SPEEDBALL

We have introduced a new game into our sports known as Speedball. It is a combination of Basketball and Soccer and was played for the most part outdoors. This game was played only by the Senior and Intermediate forms. The senior team winning first place was C3. The second and third places were won by 5A and 5B and 3A.

The Intermediate teams winning first, second and third place were 2A, C2B, and C2A.

BADMINTON

The Badminton tournaments brought out many enthusiastic girls and were made more interesting by the several tied results. These ties made it necessary for more games to be played.

The commercial third form succeeded in getting first place with 4A and 4C in a close second and third place.

Intermediate: T2, 2C, 2A.

Junior: 1-10, 1-14, 1-11.

DECK TENNIS

While the Seniors and Intermediates were playing speedball, the Juniors started a new game in our work called Deck Tennis. The championship in this game was won by 1-14, 1-13 came second and 1-9 came third.

BASKETBALL

Keen interest was displayed among the 300 girls who played basketball this year. These girls, representing all the forms, made up 25 teams, which played a total of 85 games during the season. This splendid representation of the different forms shows how intermural competition has its advantages in getting so many to participate.

The Senior championship was won by Alison Street's team from C-3. They were followed in a close second by Edith MacDonald's Fifth Formers while 4B with Marjorie VanHorne as captain placed third. All seniors play with each team, occupying two-thirds of the floor.

The intermediate teams play three-court basketball and the champion team in this division was 2-A captained by Donna MacIntyre. Amy Handy's team from 2-D came second while Mary Yates placed third with her C2A players.

In the 9-court division played by the Juniors, Eva Keskanek and her team from 1-14 won the championship. 1-10 with Doris Reycraft as captain came second and Jean Thompson's team from 1-13 came third.

The successful basketball season was ended with an even more successful party to which three teams from Petrolia High School were invited. These three teams plays S.C.I.'s C-3, 5-A & B, and 2-A. The Sarnia teams took the lead in two games but Petrolia's No. 1 team defeated Alison Street's Senior champs 22-20. The games were followed by a presentation of crests, dancing and refreshments.

LIFE SAVING

First Class Certificate—Elaine Ward, Corle Gort, Audrey MacMillan.

Bar to Bronze—Audrey MacMillan.

Bronze—Margaret Wanless, Marian Harrold, Ilene Luther, Millicent Baxter, Eloise Johnston, Nora MacNamara, Florence Benson, Marian MacKinlay, Beatrice Dennis, Lillian Northrup, Frances Guess, Frances Lessard, Brona Levanoyitch.

Intermediate—Frances Guess, Jessie Walker, Ilene Luther, Millicent Baxter, Nora MacNamara, Marian Harrold, Marian MacKinlay, Margaret Wanless, Jean Stedwell, Brona Levanoyitch, Frances Lessard.

Elementary—Frances Lessard, Janet MacIntyre, Marian MacKinlay, Brona Levanoyitch, Iris Deem, Winnifred Elnor, Marian Harrold, Frances Guess.



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Editor—H. CAMERON

SWIMMING

In the swimming meet held this year Claire Robinson and Jack Kirk tied for senior honors and the right to have their names enscrolled on the John Newton Memorial Trophy. These two boys put on a very excellent performance before a very enthusiastic crowd which gathered at the school swimming-pool.

Ed Hueston with a total of seventeen points copped the intermediate title and Jim Ramesbottom was the runner-up with fourteen points. Hueston thus is entitled to the Kiwanis Silver Medal.

In the junior division Bill Southcombe captured this title with seventeen points and was four points better than Roy McAllister who placed second. The winner becomes holder of the Kiwanis Bronze Medal.

FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION

In October of last year the senior boys entertained the Freshmen of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School at a reception. The new additions to the staff—Mr. Fullerton, Mr. Sweeney, Mr. Burgess and Mr. Johnson, were not forgotten.

Throughout the whole day the Plebes were obliged to wear a huge green tie and carry a doll, as a symbol of their inferiority.

The evening of the same day, the Freshmen were assembled in the gymnasium, escorted by a Senior, led around blindfolded, and went through many manoeuvres much to the amusement of the on-lookers.

At the end of the evening the older students took pity on the small boys by serving them lunch.



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: Mr. O'Donohue (coach), J. Macmillan, J. Doohan, B. Burleigh, C. Robinson, M. Lumby, B. Delderfeld, D. Mackenzie (manager).
Front Row: R. Santche, J. Huntley, B. Knowles, W. Humphrey.

1937 JUNIOR BASKETBALL

The Juniors had an in-and-out season and played three games without a win and ended the league by having two victories and four defeats to their credit. At times the school flashed brilliant basketball and at other times they dropped back to the gym class variety of the game. The team however was handicapped considerably by their lack of height and also the smallness of the playing space in other schools.

The season opened with Sarnia being decisively defeated by Petrolia, who won the grouping, by a score of 15-8. Another defeat by Watford followed closely when the score was 19-11 against the locals

who were dogged by defeat for a third week when Strathroy nosed them out 19-16. The blue and white pulled out of their lethargy by turning upon Strathroy and conquering them 11-8 and continued their winning streak for a second week by overwhelming the league-leading Petrolia cagers 13-11. The locals were doomed to end their season with two victories since Watford defeated them 16-13 in the final group game.

The Junior team—Jim Chapman, Tom Gutteridge, Clair Robinson, Doug. Fleming, Bill Kirk, Ted Eveland, Fred Williams, Homer Cote, Jack Huntley.



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row: J. Smith, W. Humphrey, J. Kirk, J. Mackenzie.
Seated: W. Kirk, L. Allen.

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GYM TEAM

Standing: T. Elliot, D. Mackenzie, J. Huntley, W. Humphrey.
Seated: L. Aiken, E. Powell.

GYMNASTICS

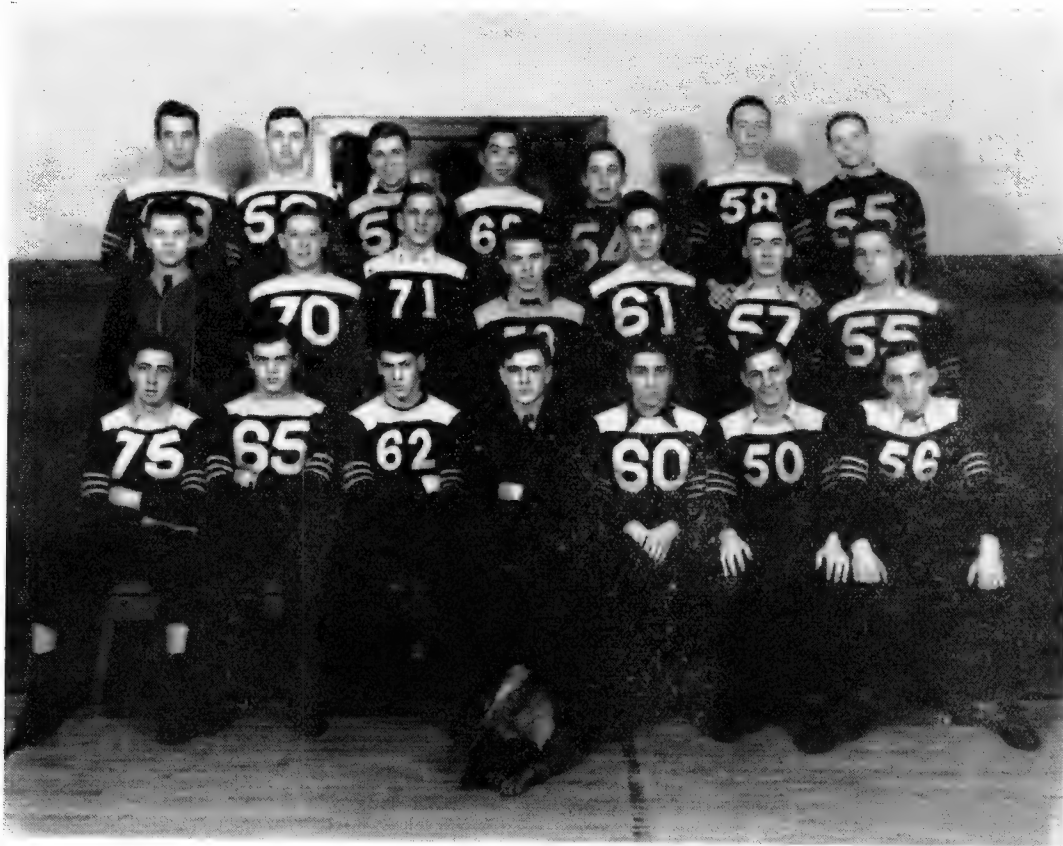
The school was represented at the W.O.S.S.A. gym meet held at Windsor by a team composed of Eddie Powell, Walker Humphries, Laverne Aiken, Jack Huntley, Tom Elliot and Vic Callier. The team carried off second place honors and were entitled to bronze medallions. This team deserves a great deal of credit since it was in competition as a unit for the first time.

Eddie Powell carried off the LeSueur Gold Medal for the best gymnast in the school while Jim Smith won the Intermediate gymnastic championship and Paul Hunt captured the Junior gymnastic honours. In the intermediate competition only eight points separated the first three men.

INTERMEDIATE COMPETITION:—Jim Smith, 210; Neil Darrach, 207; Doug Aiken, 202; Tom Needham, 191; Clair Robinson, 149; Allen Clift, 141.

JUNIOR COMPETITION:—Paul Hunt, 160; Grant Hoskins, 156; Bill Pearson, 150; Charles Clarke, 149; Don Helson, 141.

Eddie Powell also was the Senior all-round champion at the school and becomes possessor of the Kenny Cup. Powell set four new records during his tests and had a total of 160 points. Walker Humphries won the intermediate championship with 127 points and Paul Hunt carried off the junior title with 67 points.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row: A. Dellier, R. Doucher, R. Hammett, W. Chong, W. Knowles, W. Keelan, V. Hodgins.
Middle Row: J. MacMillan (manager), D. Fleming, W. Burleigh, V. Aiken, R. Dyble, W. Williams, L. Allen.
Seated: T. Pembleton, J. Huntley, B. Hampton, J. Doohan (trainer), R. Lyford, M. Lumby, J. Smith.

SENIOR RUGBY

SARNIA 16, PETROLIA 0.

The Seniors displayed enough superiority to down a scrappy but light Petrolia twelve 16-0 in the opening Senior W.O.S.S.A. game. The game was not outstanding from the spectator's standpoint, but rekindled the old feud between Sarnia and Petrolia. Logie Allen, Ted Eveland and Elmer Chivers scored majors for Sarnia.

SARNIA 7, ST. THOMAS C. I. 8.

In their first home game of the season the Seniors met their ancient rivals St. Thomas but the inaugural program was dulled when the Saints scored an 8-7 victory over our own boys. With the game safely won and only seconds to go Sarnia elected to kick on the first down and some unknown St. Thomas hero pierced through a Sarnia line that had eased up as the end of the game neared. He slapped down Ralph Perry's punt and Howard Hayes made his bid

for the hall of fame when he grabbed the vagrant oval and raced forty yards for a touchdown that turned a 7-3 licking into an 8-7 win.

SARNIA 5, ST. THOMAS C. I. 17.

St. Thomas and Sarnia met again for the second time in three days and this time the Saints left no doubt as to the winner when Sarnia was on the short end of a 17-5 score. Sarnia fumbled the three touchdowns into enemy hands that eagerly took advantage of proffered opportunities and played steady football in return. The Kirk Brothers, Laverne Aiken, Verne Hodgins, Elmer Chivers and Ralph Perry were standouts for the losers.

SARNIA 17, PETROLIA 9.

Before a handful of shivering spectators our blue and white downed Petrolia's subless squad 17-9 in the final W.O.S.S.A. encounter of the season. Jim Smith who played the best game of his career, scored

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twice and Philip Cote also crossed the line for the home team with Verne Hodgins adding two converts to make up Sarnia's total. Laverne Aiken, Bert Hampton, Verne Hodgins, Ralph Perry and largely Jim Smith starred for the locals. A great deal of appreciation is due to Mr. Ted Moore who gave his best to coach the school team under very trying circumstances. Thanks, Ted.

The Senior Team:

Flying Wing—Ted Eveland.

Halves—Elmer Chivers, Jim Smith, Ralph Perry.

Quarter—Bill Burleigh.

Snap—Laverne Aiken.

Insides—Bert Hampton, Bill Kirk.

Middles—Bob Doucher, Doug. Fleming.

Ends—Verne Hodgins, Jack Kirk.

Subs—Morley Lumby, Willie Chong, Vic South-
erland, Jack Huntley, Philip Cote, Homer Cote, Bob
Hammett, Vic Dallier, Dick Dyble, Bill Williams,
Bill Keelan, Ted Pembleton, Logie Allen, Roy Ly-
ford.

Coach—Ted Moore. Manager—Jack MacMillan.



TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONS

Standing: J. Brown, B. Southcombe, R. Pole.

Seated: B. Levanoyitch, K. Steinman, W. Elnor.



ALL-ROUND CHAMPS

Standing: W. Humphrey, E. Powell. Seated: E. Ward.

TRACK AND FIELD

Probably the most successful event of the Boys' Sports program for the current year was the Field Day when twelve old records were relegated to the roadside and about one hundred and fifty competitors contributed to make this Field Day a success. Bill Southcombe established five new records in the junior division and put on a very brilliant exhibition for the spectators. Most of the plaudits should go to Joe Brown who with no practice carried off the senior honours and thus in four years has won the four divisional championships.

Ed Powell who was edged out by one point for senior honours, established three new records for future competitors to aim at. Stewart Cousins and Ross Pole are co-holders of the intermediate title. Bill Southcombe romped off with the junior honours and Fred Hollands eked out a narrow win in the juvenile division.

Bill Southcombe because of his fine showing at the W.O.S.S.A. track meet was given two weeks at a boys' northern camp where he received valuable coaching in field events.



JUNIOR RUGBY

Back Row: T. Fox, B. Hueston, F. Stirrett, E. Finnan, J. Forbes, J. MacDonald, J. Church, F. Dawes, S. Gavolak.

Centre Row: Charles Sweeney (coach), C. Robinson (trainer), E. Mayo, B. Yuhisk, J. McKnight, D. LeSueur, D. Mott, E. Hueston, S. Cousins, W. McDermid (mgr.).

Front Row: R. Kees, K. Langan, B. Thorpe, B. Powell, D. Wilson (captain), D. Baird, J. Doherty, A. Rowell, B. Zeirler, R. Clarke.

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JUNIOR HOCKEY

Back Row: H. Hurst (manager), S. Carson, Charles Sweeney (coach), B. Cameron, B. Powell (trainer)
 Centre Row: M. O'Loughlin, B. Millholland, B. Seeley, B. Thorpe, P. Simpson.
 Front Row: D. Pole, B. Anderson.

JUNIOR RUGBY

SARNIA JRS. 23, ST. THOMAS TECH. 0.

Even after spotting their opponents 115 yards in penalties and presenting them with several fumbles Sarnia downed an outplayed but not outgamed St. Thomas Tech. 23-0 in the opening contest of the W.O.S.S.A. debut. Ed Hueston scored three touchdowns and kicked a single to score sixteen points while Steve Gavalak plunged for a touchdown and Tom Fox made two converts. St. Thomas was outweighed and presented little opposition to the local power plant.

SARNIA 17, ST. THOMAS C. T. 0.

In the first home game the juniors again romped off with victory, this time being on the long end of a 17-0 score. Tom Fox and Ed Hueston combined to gain forty yards and place the ball in position for Lloyd Bolton to scamper over for a touchdown. Hueston also scored a touchdown and kicked a single. In the dying moments of the game Fred Dawes intercepted a pass to score and Fox again converted to complete the Sarnia scoring for the day.

SARNIA 3, ST. THOMAS C. T. 8.

Victims of over-confidence the locals threw away the game themselves and when Forbes fumbled behind his own line St. Thomas fell on the ball and scored a converted touchdown, which turned them from the vanquished into the victors. Ed Hueston kicked two points for the losers and Tom Fox scored the other tally on an attempted field goal.

SARNIA 26, ST. THOMAS TECH. 0.

Faced with the problem of either winning or passing out of the group race the home team turned with a vengeance on St. Thomas Tech. and scored with a twenty-six point victory. Tom Fox, although he did not score, was the individual star of the day and he put on a brilliant forward display for home supporters. Ed Hueston again was the leading scorer with thirteen points while John Forbes and Dick LeSueur each scored a touchdown and Tom Fox contributed three points to the victor's total. Stewie Cousins and Steve Gavalak, whose plunging was a big factor in the Sarnia advance, played a very fine game.

SARNIA 1, ST. THOMAS C. T. 12.

Sarnia's fumbles were again responsible for their downfall and the locals were eliminated from the Jr. W.O.S.S.A. race. Pell, St. Thomas kicking ace, kept Sarnia back on their heels but it was Sarnia's miscues that defeated them. Steve Gavalak and Junior Dougherty along with Tom Fox played wonderful football for a losing cause. The winners showed nothing in the way of power but capitalized on the breaks Sarnia made for them and carried off the group honours. A great deal of credit goes to Charlie Sweeney, new coach of the Juniors, who made a very proficient football team out of the players.

The Junior Rugby Team:

Flying Wing—Steve Gavalak.

Halves—Ed Hueston, Stewie Cousins, Fred Daws.

Quarter—Tom Fox.

Snap—Junior Dougherty.

Insides—Dick Wilson (Capt.), Frank Stirrett.

Middles—Jim MacDonald, Ewart Finan.

Ends—Dick LeSueur, Bob Thorpe.

Subs—Lloyd Bolton, Don Baird, Jack Church, John Forbes, Ted Heslop, Keith Langan, Delmar Mott, Art Rowell, Isaac Zierler.

Coach—Charles Sweeney.

Manager—Wesley McDermid.



SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. HOCKEY

Back Row: L. Aiken, C. Sweeney (coach), B. Hampton, M. J. Chilton (sponsor), J. McDonald (trainer), Keith Burden (manager).

Front Row: D. LeSueur, D. Fleming, S. Cousins, E. Finan, M. Harris, J. Forbes.

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HOCKEY

After an absence of a number of years hockey again became part of the school sport curriculum and a very strong band of pucksters will carry the blue and white into competition for W.O.S.S.A. honours. Already the team has won their grouping by eliminating Chatham by a score of 11-2 on the round. In a series of exhibition games the Collegians won four contests, tied two and lost only one. In the only contest played by the Juniors, Petrolia took the local's measure by a 4-2 score.

Senior Team—Goal, Misener; defence, Hampton, Finan; centre, Forbes; wings, Allen, Dickson; subs., B. Hueston, LeSueur. Cousins, Fleming, Harris. Coach, Mr. Charles Sweeney. Manager, Keith Burden. Trainer, Jim MacDonald.

Junior Team—Goal, Seely; defense, Wilson, Simpson; centre, Pole; wings, Carson, Kees; subs.,

Anderson, O'Laughlin, Thorpe, Cameron, Millholand, Stoner. Coach, Mr. Charles Sweeney.

Advancing into the Wossa semi-finals the Sweeney men downed Windsor Vocational 7-2, to take a five point lead on the round. In the return game the blue and whites dropped a 6-2 decision, winning the round by a 1 goal margin. The same afternoon the Sarnia Juniors were outscored 8-1 by Windsor Vocational Juniors. Windsor won the round defeating the inexperienced Juniors 16-4 in Windsor.

In the first game of the Senior Wossa finals in London, the locals dropped a 6-4 decision to London Central finding it impossible to defeat their opponents and the referee too. Fighting, their backs to the wall, the Seniors eked out a 3-2 overtime decision before the largest home crowd of the season. However, in spite of their valiant effort they lost the Wossa final and a much-prized trip to Ottawa.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: D. Mackenzie (manager), J. Bell, T. Fox, B. Southcombe, F. Daws, I. Zierler, Mr. Johnston (coach).
Front Row: S. Stokes, T. Timmerman, A. Rowell, H. Bolton.

HUMOUR



Editors—F. DOHERTY, A. PATON, H. CALLISTER, J. MACDONALD.

F. SCHNEIDER

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away"
Is a saying old but true—
But a laugh a minute has more pep in it,
So here are a few for you—we hope.

Host: Sorry boys, but I'll have to put you both in the same room.

Roy & Bob: "That's all right."

Host: "Well I think you will be very comfortable. It's a feather bed."

Lyford at 2 a.m.: "Scram over McCordic—it's my turn to lie on the feather."

Miss Harris: "Can anyone tell me what a myth is?"

Maud: "Please teacher—is it a female moth?"

Bert: "Are you doing anything to-night?"

Jean: "No—I don't think so."

Bert: "Why don't you go home and get a good night's sleep?"

"What does a cat possess that no other animal has?"—Kittens.

"There is nothing new in the world whatsoever, even Adam and Eve did the 'Big Apple.'"

Miss Walker: "Who said 'I come to bury Caesar'?"

Kirk: "The undertaker."

Mr. Southcombe: "My wife has been nursing a grouch all week."

Mr. Fielding: "Been laid up have you?"

Mr. Mendizabal: "That is a fine golf ball you have there."

Hueston: "Yes, it is a joy to be holed."

It is said that when a pupil argues with a teacher, there's only one answer.

He came, he saw, he concurred.

"We are told that we have descended from the ape."

"But some of us are using round trip tickets."

Mr. Dennis: "Miss Hutcheson, how was iron discovered?"

Lila: "I heard my dad say they smelt it."

The spinster, shocked by the language used by two men repairing telephone wires near her house, wrote to the company to complain. The foreman was ordered to report the happening to his superior.

"Me and Bill Winterbottom were on this job," he reported. "I was up on the telephone pole and accidentally let hot lead fall on Bill and it went down his neck. Then he called up to me, 'You really must be more careful, Harry.'"

Lumbly: "Why is an old maid like a frozen tomato?"

Rowell: "Because it's hard to-mate-her."

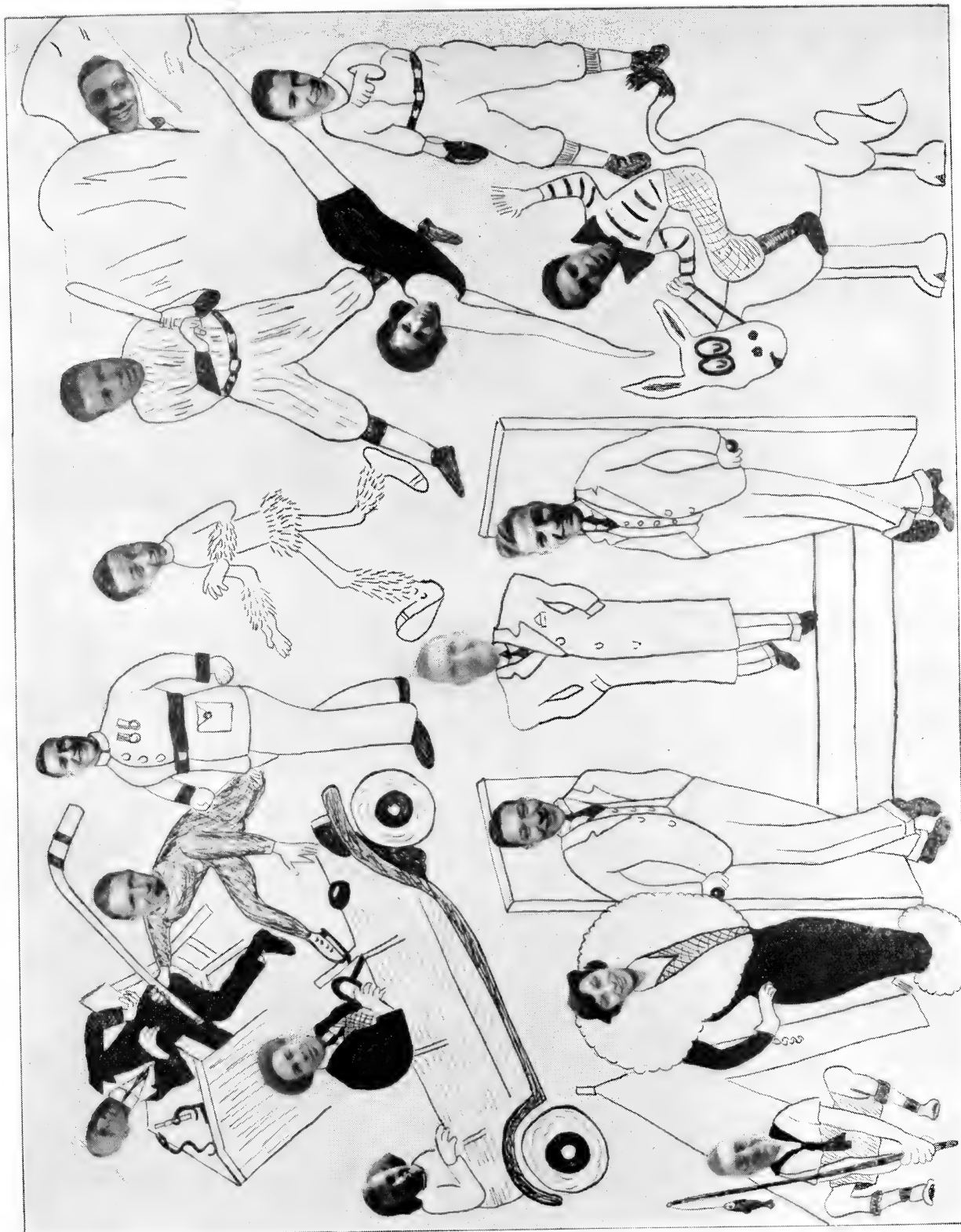
Miss Halliday: "Where's the jelly?"

Bright Young Thing: "You said it was moulded so I threw it away."

Rooney: "Do you think you'll be able to get all that ditch back in the hole?"

Stirrett: "No, I don't think so. It's not deep enough yet."

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McDermid (in zoology class): "Where do the bugs go in the winter?"

Dickson: "Search me."

McDermid: "Pshaw; I didn't want them, I just wanted to know where they went."

Alma: "I passed in French."

Doris: "Honestly?"

Armstrong: "Don't get personal."

Pop Trietz: "Hossie, your mouth is open."

Stewart: "I know, I opened it myself."

Herb Dickson: "I wish I were a little river."

Heckler: "Why?"

Herb: "Because I could follow my course without leaving my bed."

Miss Walker: "Fowlie, you mustn't use that word when speaking in this English class."

"Why not," replied Mr. Jack, timidly, "Shaw and Masefield used it."

Miss Walker: "Then you shouldn't play with such naughty boys."

Mr. Dennis: "What is steam?"

I. Zierler: "Water driven crazy by heat."

Little girls like to play with dolls—and so do some of their fathers.

Fowlie: "Who's that terrible looking dame by the piano?"

Strange girl at party: "That's my aunt."

Fowlie: "Oh—er—I don't mean her, I mean the one next to her."

Girl: "That's my sister."

Fowlie: "Boy, she sure can dance."

Miss Walsh: "Give the feminine of 'stag'."

Marjory: "Hen Party."

A rush, then a scramble

A tackle, a fall,

Six wounded, three senseless,

Four dead,—that's football.

Marg. W's father (yelling into darkened parlor): "What are you two doing in there?"

Marg: "Why Jack just kissed me. What does it sound like?"

Father: "It sounds as if someone was in an old pair of rubber boots wading through a mud puddle."

Mr. O'Donohue: "Well boys, what kind of jackets are you wearing in your new band?"

McCordic (the new drummer find): "We ought to wear night gowns, and call ourselves the 'First Nighters'."

N.B.: Imagine McCordic in a night gown.

SOME FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Step on the accelerator and beat that train to the crossing."

"Is this gun loaded? I'll look down the barrel and see."

"Is that quicksand? I'll step on it and see."

"Sure it's a mushroom."

"What is that stuff in the bottle? I'll taste it and find out."

"I wonder if this ice is safe?"

The enterprising manager of a theatre displayed this sign in his thearte:

"Do not smoke—remember the Chicago fire."

This was so effective that he put up another:

"Do not spit—remember the Johnstown flood."

SOAP SUDS

He: May I hold your *Palmolive*?

She: Not on your *Lifebuoy*.

He: Guess I'm out of *Lux*.

She: Yes *Ivory* formed.

Dyble (in church): "Here comes the collection plate, Mick. You'd better get something out."

Finlay: "Thanks pal. I'll get out my Sunday school paper and start reading it."

"All those who would like to go to Heaven," said the Sunday school teacher, "please raise their hands." (All did except one).

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the teacher, "wouldn't you like ot go to Heaven?"

"Naw," said Forbes. "Not if that bunch is goin'."

Mary had a little watch;

She swallowed it while walking,

Now every time she takes a step

Time marches on!

Misener. "Say, Ed, did you hear about the golfer who put a bullet through his father?"

Hueston: "Oh, you mean that shot the hole in par."

Betty A. must be an electrician's daughter because she knows Watts Watt.

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Keelan: "Meet me at the Waldorf Astoria at eight."

The Dame: "The Waldorf? Say, that's a nice place."

Keelan: "Yeah, and it's close to where we're going, too."

"I saw a dental cripple this afternoon."

"What? A guy with bum teeth?"

"No, a dentist who flirted with a prize-fighter's wife."

Mrs. G.: "Dan, did you notice that pile of wood in the yard?"

Dan G.: "Yes, I seen it."

Mrs. G.: "You should mind your grammar; you mean you saw it."

Dan: "No, mum, you saw me see it but you ain't seen me saw it."

Al. Bedard: "Well, all right, since you insist, what shall I play?"

Alma: "Anything you like. It's only to annoy the neighbours."

Mr. Asbury: "Did you sweep behind the door?"

Mrs. Leak: "Yes, sir, I sweep everything behind the door."

Stirrett: "Say, what is the best exercise for reducing?"

Bedard: "Just move the head slowly from the right to the left when asked to have a second helping."

Kay: "Gee, but you have a lot of bad jokes."

Adele: "Oh, I don't know. I put some in the fire, and it roared."

Miss Martin: "What would you do if you had an eight-sided figure?"

Mary H.: "I'd join a side show."

An advertisement of a certain kind of babies' feeding bottles printed in a Canadian newspaper, concluded with the following:

"When the baby has finished drinking, unscrew the head and lay in a cool place under the tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

Lumby: "I wish I was a seal."

Callister: "Why?"

Lumby: "Because it always has a flapper on each side."

Powell—"Everytime I look at you I wish I could break myself of a habit I've had for years."

Fowlie—"Hang it all, what habit?"

Ed—"I never forget a face."

Allen—"What is a Civil War Veteran called when he rides on a street car?"

Kirk—"I'll bite, what is he called?"

Logie—"A passenger."

Humphrey (at a night club)—"What's de trouble Winnie?"

Durnford—"Aw, de spaghetti's too stringy."

Walk—"Why doncher try it with your veil off?"

Mrs. Andrews—"Do you know, Dave, that it was 47 years ago that we were engaged?"

The Prof.—"Dear me, lass, then it's high time we got married."

Traffic Cop—"Don't you know what I mean when I hold up my hand?"

Miss Burriss—"I ought to; I have been a school teacher for thirty-five years."

Hueston—"Oh, oh! My memory has gone bad on me."

Misener—"Do you remember the time you borrowed that buck from me?"

Bill—"No, it hasn't gone back that far yet."

Salesman (beginning to unroll his samples)—"I'd like to show you —"

Merchant (emphatically)—"No, no, I'm not interested."

Salesman (eagerly)—"But won't you take even a little peek?"

Merchant—"No, take your stuff and get out of here."

Salesman (wittfully)—"Well, would you mind if I looked at them myself. I think they are so nice?"

Church—"What are you doing?"

Schreiber—"Measuring you for a coffin."

Jack—"But I'm not dead."

Scheiber—"Shut up, do you want to make a fool out of the doctor?"

Kirk—"Lady, if you will give us a nickel, my little brother'll imitate a hen."

"What will he do", asked the lady, "cackle like a hen?"

"Naw," replied Kirk in disgust. "He wouldn't do a cheap trick like that. He'll eat a woin."

An old gentleman riding on top of a Fifth Avenue bus noticed that every few minutes the conductor would come from the back and dangle a piece of string down before the driver underneath. Whereupon the driver would utter profanity terrible to hear. Finally the old gentleman could stand it no longer, so he asked the conductor why he dangled the string and why the driver swore so. The conductor naively answered: "Oh, his old man is to be hung tomorrow, and I'm just kidding him a little about it."

One of our more daring fifth formers walked into class recently wearing a shirt which truly outdid Joseph's. The clash of colours almost made a noise. The chap just couldn't have hoped to get by without some comment, but perhaps, nothing like what he actually did get from one of those ever-present back-of-the-roomers. As the intrepid one entered, said heckler exclaimed: "Ye gods! That's the first time I've seen a sunset with buttons."

Junk Man: "Any old beer bottles you'd like to sell, lady?"

Lady: "Do I look as though I drank beer?"

Junk Man: "Any old vinegar bottles you'd like to sell?"

Southcombe—"Now, then, the next hot dog is on me, so don't argue about it."

Ritchie—"Good-night, now, canna ya let me be a sport once in a while?"

W. J.—"Oh, do you want to buy the next hot dog?"

Doug—"No, but I want to argue about it."

Sarnian—"Well, what do you think of our little college town?"

Stranger—"It certainly is unique."

Sarnian—"Whaddia mean, unique?"

Stranger—"It's from the Latin 'unus' meaning 'one' and 'equus' meaning 'horse.'"

Mr. Kirkland—"No, you can't take my daughter riding."

Johnny—"Why not?"

Kirk—"I don't allow college boys to go out with my daughter."

Forbes—"But I ain't a college boy, I work over to Bonner's pool hall."

Kirkland—"I beg your pardon, sir. My daughter will be ready in a moment."

Stirrett—"Yes, the bullet struck my head, went careening into space, and — —"

Rowell—"How terrible, did they get it out?"

Owen Moore left today to-day
Owen Moore than he could pay;
Owen Moore came back to-day
Owen Moore.

Mr. Asbury: "Judge, I've lost my hat."

Judge: "That's nothing, sir; whole suits are lost here every day."

Dick Wilson: "Speak just those few words that mean Heaven to me."

Edith McD.: "Aw—go shoot yourself."

Miss McLachlan: "Did you know that it takes 1,000 camels annually to make paint brushes?"

Bettine: "Do tell! Isn't it wonderful how they can train animals to do things?"

N.B.—When'er you have a moment's rest,
When'er your work is done,
For pity's sake just think of us
And write some joke or pun.

Excited Lady (at telephone): "I want my husband please, at once!"

Operator: "Number please."

Excited Lady (snappishly): "How many do you think I've got, you impudent thing."

When is a man thinner than a lath?
When he's a-shavin'.

Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat?
Because it is first cradled, then threshed and afterwards becomes the flower of the family.

A paper isn't such a snap
As many seem to think;
And writing copies for the press
Takes quite a bit of ink.

Greengrocer: "Want any horseradish, miss?"
Lillian Bell: "No thank you, we have a car."

Miss Harris: "What happened after the Greeks mustered their men, Rowell?"

Art: "They peppered the citadel and took it by assault."

Miss Harris (suspecting a bit of humor): "None of your sauce if you please."

Ross: "I got a bright idea out of the corner of my brain to-day."

Betty R.: "Ah! a stowaway."

THE COLLEGIATE

Mrs. Southcombe—"Bill, if you eat any more pie you'll burst."

Bill—"Well, pass me the pie and get out of the way."

Gipsy—"I tell your fortune."

Jim—"How much?"

Gipsy—"Fifty cents."

Dooohan—"Correct."

Mr. Mendizabal—"Now take this rifle and find out how to use it."

O'Loughlin—"First tell me one thing. Is it true that the harder I pull the trigger, the farther the bullet will go?"

Teacher (pointing at deer in zoo)—"Johnny, what is that?"

1st former—"I don't know."

Teacher—"What does your mother call your father?"

1st former—"Don't tell me that's a louse."

A man of six feet, eight inches, applied for a job as a life-guard.

Official: "Can you swim?"

Applicant: "No, but I can wade to beat the band."

The Dame—"Where are you going with all that sandpaper?"

The Guy—"I am taking it to my poor grandfather, he has goose-flesh in his wooden leg."

Miss Taylor: "Humphrey, give the present indicative of the verb 'to fall.'"

Walk (sleepily): "Je tripe, tu stumbles, il slide, nous fallons, vous tremblez, ils limpent."

Lott: "That MacDonald is pretty close, isn't he?"

Pole: "Close, I should say he is. He lives on soup in order to keep from wearing out the filling in his teeth."

Wife: "Hubby, if you saw another man running away with me, what would you say?"

Hubby: "I would ask him why he was running."

Tramp: "Lady, will you do a little sewing for me?"

Lady: "Yes, gladly."

Tramp: "Well, mum, here's a button; I would like fer you to sew a pair of pants on it."

Bennett: "Why are girls' dresses getting shorter?"

Zierler: "There are more men designers to-day."

Dentist: "I'll have to pull that tooth, and if I use gas to put you to sleep, it will be \$3 extra."

McDermid: "Hoot, mon! Just tell me a bedtime story."

A man who had been waiting patiently in the post office could not attract the attention of either of the girls behind the counter. "Her evening cloak," explained one of the girls to her companion, "was a ridingote design in gorgeous llama brocade with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves and her —"

At this point the long-suffering customer broke in with: "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat purple stamp with a dinky perforated hem. The tout ensemble deliberately treared on the reverse side with mucilage. Something at about 3 cents?"

Mr. Coles—"What's all the hurry?"

Keelan—"I just bought a new text-book and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."

Wag—"You dropped something."

Lucker—"What?"

Wag—"Your footsteps."

Lucker—"Don't want 'em. They're dirty."

Two travellers returning home late at night lost their way. One inebriate said "We're in a cemetery, here's a gravestone."

"Whose is it?" asked the other.

Striking a match, the more sober one replied, "I don't know, but he died at a good age—175"

"See who it is," said the other.

Another match was struck—"I don't know him, some chap called Miles from Sarnia."

A TALE OF WOE

I just hate men, yet they take me everywhere, to dances, to parties and roadhouses. After they get me lit, they hold me to their lips. Then they drag the life out of me. They get all the enjoyment they can, then cast me aside. Many times I am picked up, but always cast away. They take me here, they take me there; I am treated the same no matter where they take me. Why should they take advantage of me so? It seems I am on everyone's lips. But someday I'll burn them, even though I am only a little cigarette.

Misener (in drug store on Sunday morning)—
"Please give me change for a dime."

Druggist—"Here you are. I hope you enjoy the sermon."

Little Bud let no grass grow under his feet. When Uncle Joe came for a visit, he immediately rushed up to him with: "Uncle, make a noise like a frog."

"Why?" asked the old man.

"Cause when I ask daddy for anything, he always says, 'wait until your uncle croaks'."

Anna: "Why save that date for a rainy day?"

Jean: "Ah! He's a slicker."

First Former: "How much longer will you need me O. C.?"

O.C.: "Oh, about two feet."

"Are you still wondering if Joan of Arc was Noah's wife?"

Mr. Pringle: "Why do you call this lovely car a crate?"

Hossie: "I often pack it full of peaches."

Rooney: "If a ship was sunk would a safety razor?"

Callister: "No—but dyna-mite."

Ed: "What are pants with knobs?"

Paul: "Drawers to you."

Miss Walker—"Stokes, I think I'll keep you in after school."

Sam—"It won't do any good, I'm a woman hater."

LAIRD THOMAS AND JOE GOOSE

Laird Thomas dwelt in Bonny Brae,
Young Joe Goose in Gildeen;
Young Joe Goose went to Bonny Brae
To see the lairds' maid—Jean.

Laird Thomas swore that early morn
As he rose from his bed,
"My Jean will die, as sure as I'm born
Ere Joe Goose she will wed."

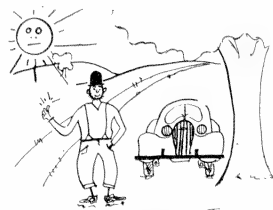
He met the Laird at his ain door
An gae him an awful fright;
Laird Thomas gae an awful roar
And then went out like a light.

Laird Thomas roared; young Joe Goose ran
And slipped up on the ice;
When only just the day before,
He'd hoped it had been rice.

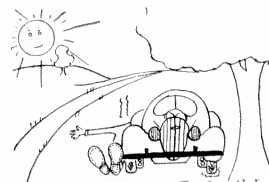
So let us sing "God Save the King,"
Said Joe Goose from Gildeen;
Laird Thomas died a death from fright
So Joe Goose married Jean.

N.B.: Joe Goose—Dickson.

Miss Martin: "Now boys, this is a very difficult page of formula. Watch the board while I go through it."



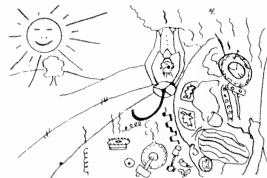
Under A Spreading Chestnut Tree
Mr. Pringle Stands.
And As You Can Easily See
He Has An Auto On His Hands (careful).



While Exhausted There On The Ground He Lay
In The Shade Of The Chestnut Tree
A Brain Wave Came To Him They Say
And Up He Jumped In Glee.



He Lifts The Hood And Looks Inside
And Pounds With A Ball-Pene Hammer
But It Doesn't Seem To Do Any Good
So He Yells In Very Bad Grammar.



But Alas The Story Goes To Say
That Very Unlucky Was He
Because On Sliding Off In High
He Wrapped It Around The Chestnut Tree.

T 2A

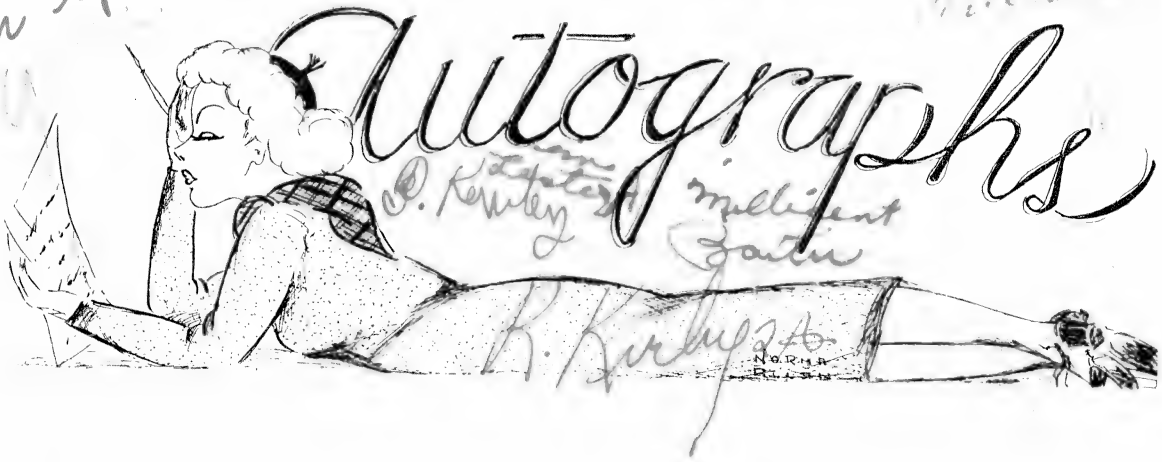
Allen Cook Lois Walker 20

THE COLLEGIATE

Lynn

William 20

Marion Spencer



P. Kewley

William 20

R. Kewley 20

Marion Ripley
Bettyne 20
P. Kewley

Edna Paul
Mellhollow

Lorna Dauphinee

Helen 20
" 20

Ruth Parsons

Alga Peters

Lynn 20

Edna 20

Ruth 20

Lynn 20

Mayoree Simpson

Alga Peters

Winifred MacFarlane

Harry Dandery

Phyllis Thompson

Hillam 20

Edna 20

Hazel Sinclair

THE COLLEGIATE

115

Pauline
Mason

Murray Gibson

Eloise
Frederick

H. Waterman

William

Robert

James
Pot. margin

~~scribbled out text~~

Edward

Harold

George

William

Jack
Mason

Raymond
Reg. Parker

Raymond

H. Mitchell

George

George

Will

George

George

Phillip

Adrian

George

The Sarnia Board of Education

and its

Advisory Vocational Committee

Are glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of greeting the 1938 "Collegiate" Magazine Staff and also all the readers of this publication.

TO THE EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS STAFF
they extend hearty congratulations on the successful issue of this excellent school magazine.

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE S. C. I. & T. S.
they express sincere interest in their welfare and best wishes for success in the year's work.

TO THE TEACHING STAFF
they desire to extend an expression of confidence and appreciation.

TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC
they wish to point out the facilities for day and evening class instruction provided by the Collegiate and Technical School. Day classes in academic, commercial and technical courses are open to all girls and boys of Sarnia and vicinity who are able and willing to undertake the work. Evening classes at nominal cost are available in many vocational subjects. Detailed announcement regarding next season's classes should be looked for in September.

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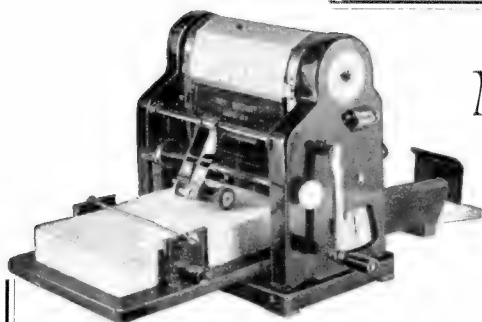
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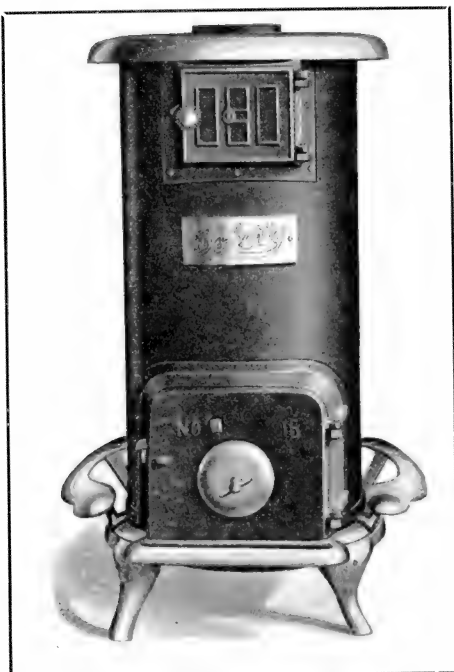
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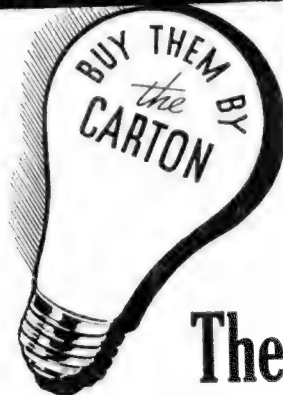
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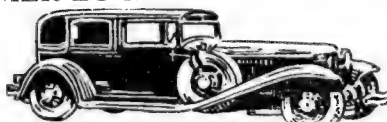
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